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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Lines

To Col. M. P. Wingfield, of Ga.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

There are meetings on earth, when the passion
From the depth of its joy, will quiver and start,
When the eye speaks to eye words vastly
More dear
Than ever were breathed by the lips to the ear.
When warm hands are clasped in a loving
Embrace
And a sunshiny smile plays warm on each
Face:
Thus we met, my old friend, in the bright days
Of yore,
And may we thus meet in the days still before.

There are partings, old friend, when the heart
Breathes a sigh,
And tears flow from the fountain we long had
Thought dry;
With hand clasped in hand we are standing
Again;
But the joy has left us, we feel but the pain.
No smile wreathes the face, as it did when we
Met.

But a shade in the place of its brightness is set.
Yet still let us hope days to come may unfold
Scenes brighter than those in the dark past
Enrolled.

If we meet not on earth, in life's morn or its
Even,
Still, still let us hope we may meet in yon
Heaven,
And clasp hands again; for ah, who can deny
That we'll recognize friends in those regions
On high:
For the joy and the hope of an immortal birth
Is to once with friends we part with on earth.
To hear the sweet notes of some fondly loved
Strain,
That was silenced on earth, sound in heaven
Again.

New York.

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

ELEVENTH—JAMES K. POLK.

JAMES K. POLK'S organization evinced a good degree of power, especially in the muscular department. Yet the sunken form of the cheek indicates rather a weak stomach and vital apparatus generally. His was the tough, enduring, elastic, hard-working temperament. And yet when such do break down, they are apt to go all at once. His muscles were obviously the best part of his organization, and they were very good, to which he added a strong and active nervous system.

To our preceding remark, that his vital apparatus was rather weak, it should be added that he took good care of his health by taking a great amount of exercise, and being very regular in his mode of living. This was doubtless the simple secret of his accomplishing as much as he did.

He was often seen going out to take his morning or afternoon rides, or returning from them; and we make this remark mainly for the purpose of saying to those whose vital apparatus is weak, that by taking ample pains to manufacture all the vitality possible, and then to husband or wisely expend it all, they may doubtless be enabled to accomplish a great amount of mental or physical labor.

His largest mental development was Firmness, to which he added large Self-Esteem and Combativeness, a combination indicative of much force and calculated to bear sway among men. He was willing to undertake difficult things, and never doubted his own ability to accomplish them. The other features of his character were quite evenly balanced. He had a good intellect, especially good reasoning powers. Both good judgment and good taste were strongly marked. In general terms, his was a fair, well-developed, well-balanced head; he had no very weak points, and was not therefore very liable to error.

In fact his head was well developed from Comparison around through Causality and Ideality to Sublimity. This

embraced the second strongly marked point in his character. Comparison was altogether his largest intellectual organ, and Human Nature was also well developed. Order and Language were good but not great. These organs gave an elevated and refined tone to his mind, imparting a power of criticism and a scope of thought which would lead him to take such broad and general views of subjects as would stand the test of time and experience. In general character he was orderly and systematic, and in language clear and forcible, but not very copious. His large Firmness and Self-Esteem gave dignity, stability, and strength of character; hence he was not easily swayed from his purposes by the considerations of praises or blame, and never by direct opposition which always made him stronger in his resolution.

His moral organs were well developed, and he had very strongly marked social organs.

James K. Polk was born in North Carolina, in 1795. His father removed in 1806, with his family of ten children, to Tennessee. Here the subject of our sketch resided from childhood, until he was called to the Presidential chair. He entered the University of North Carolina in 1815—being then in the twentieth year of his age. He graduated in 1818 with the highest honors of his class, being the first scholar both in mathematics and the classics. He returned to Tennessee and commenced the study of the law, in the office of Felix Grundy, and was admitted to the bar in 1820. His success was unequivocal and distinguished, and in one year he commanded a large and lucrative practice.

In 1823 he left his profession for politics, and was elected to the Tennessee Legislature. He was the early political supporter and personal friend of General Jackson, and was one of those who first suggested him for the presidency. In 1825, Mr. Polk was elected to Congress, where he at once declared himself a democratic republican of the strictest sect—a state-rights man and a strict constructionist. His first speech in Congress was in favor of amending the Constitution so as to prevent the election of a President and Vice President by the House, in any event. He also warmly and ably opposed the Panama mission, and introduced a series of resolutions embodying the principle that it is the duty of the House of Representatives, when called upon for appropriations for foreign missions, to inquire into the expediency and necessity of those missions.

Having for a considerable time occupied the important station of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, he was, in 1835, elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, a post which he filled with dignity and ability for five successive sessions—receiving, upon his retirement, the unanimous thanks of the House.

During his speakership, in the stormy times of Jackson's and Van Buren's administrations, he exhibited a strength and force of mind which gave him the title of "Young Hickory." During this time more appeals were taken from his decisions than had before been taken since the foundation of the government, and in every instance the vote of the

House on the appeals sustained his decisions.

In 1839, after serving fourteen years in Congress, Mr. Polk declined a reelection, and was nominated for Governor of Tennessee, and elected.

In 1841 he retired to private life until 1844, when he received the nomination for President, to which office he was elected. The prominent measures of his administration were the Mexican war, the settlement of the Oregon boundary question, the establishment of the independent treasury, and the reduction of the tariff.

Immediately upon the inauguration of General Taylor, Mr. Polk and his lady set out for Tennessee, where he

the narrative of Joseph and his brethren; in the love of Jonathan and David; in the rebellion and death of Absalom and the grief of King David; in the story of Ruth and Naomi: in the afflictions, the faith, and the final restoration and prosperity of Job; in the death of Lazarus, and the simple eloquence with which his sisters informed the Saviour of that event; and in the submission of Christ to his blessed mother, and his thoughtful provision for her while suffering on the cross, it has never been equalled. Its noteworthy men and women are, for the most part, models of chastity, simplicity, integrity, candor, and unaffected greatness. The pagan, Cornelia, when asked for her wealth, could point to her children as her jewels—and happy is the mother who can do so with an honest pride and joy; but for long ages the mothers of Israel, as they pressed to the temple to dedicate their offspring to the living God, could point to theirs also, as the fortunate recipients of rites to which the pagan was a stranger, and which dated from the times when God thundered on Sinai, or spoke in the "still small voice" on the rock of Horeb. The men and women of the Bible, superior to those of the surrounding nations, walked in the light of the countenance of God. The faithfulness of Abraham; the blended meekness, learning and courage of Moses; the lofty and sacred enthusiasm of the prophetess Miriam; the valor, the magnanimity, and the poetic fire of David; the proverbial philosophy of Solomon; the prophetic strains of Isaiah, now swelling in majesty above the everlasting hills, and now rippling in quiet beauty among the roses and lilies of Sharon; the firmness and integrity of Daniel; the intrepid courage of Judith, who slew in his tent the Assyrian captain, and saved her country; the simplicity and narrative of the four evangelists; the logic, the comprehensiveness, and the commanding eloquence of Paul; the low, sweet tones of John; the fiery ardor and rugged strength of Peter; and the wonderful revelations of the exile of Patmos, have found elsewhere in profane history no adequate parallel.

We are accustomed to think of the universality of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton; but the Psalms of David have been read and chanted in thousands of places and by thousands of tongues where their language is unknown.

In the broad high spaces of the Jewish temple—in the halls of Zion—by the waters of Babylon—on the Mount of Olives—by the Brook Kedron—by the river Jordan, rolling its sacred waters to the sea—on the plains of Bethlehem, where the shepherds watched, and where one balmy night, most glorious in the record of perpetual years, the voices of the angelic hosts were heard, announcing the birth of the Redeemer, and the landscape and the faces of the watchers were irradiated by the flashing crowns of heaven, as their wearers, shedding music from their wings, swept by—throughout Palestine, and over all Asia—in the seven churches, whose altars have vanished and whose candlesticks have been removed—in the armies of the crusaders, mingling with

the heroic shouts of innumerable warrior pilgrims—upon the summits and in the valleys of the Alps—amid the forests of Germany—among the followers of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, and Whitfield—by the Scottish Covenanters, the English Dissenters, and the English Churchmen—in the Cathedrals of Italy in the infancy of the Roman Catholic Church—beneath the frescoed temples of Tuscany and France—upon the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Nile, and the Amazon—in the balmy islands of the Southern and amid the eternal glaciers of the Northern seas—in the depths of Australia—in the wilds of America—clear as crystal, and pouring in beauty from the heaven-touched lips of the royal singer along the harp of ages, in every land and beneath every sky, have these glorious, heart-reviving canticles been said and sung.

In touching tenderness of narrative, in its tendency to enlarge the ideas and elevate the mind, in its portrayals of the human heart, with its weaknesses, its passions, its hopes, and its vanities, in sublimity of style, and in the events of which it treats, there is no such book in the world. How tender, how sublime and how touching the music of its words of hope and salvation! What more tender language, for example, than that of Christ, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" And what picture like that, glowing on the forefront of eternal ages, of the impersonation of God himself, bending towards Jerusalem and exclaiming, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." And what scene, since the world began, since the universe was fashioned, has surpassed in awful sublimity and blinding terror, that scene of which Mt. Calvary was the centre?—when the sun was darkened and the stars went out, and the earth quaked and shivered as it sped on in space, and when the dead got up from their leaden slumbers, and stalked into the presence of living men!

But aside from the divine spirit which inspires it, its beauty and sublimity of style, and the great events which glow upon its pages, the Bible furnishes lessons in faith, fortitude, sagacity, humility, thoughtfulness, cheerfulness, courage, patience and charity, which no other book contains. In the language of the wise young man in Esdras, "AS FOR THE TRUTH IT ENDURETH, AND IS ALWAYS STRONG; IT LIVETH AND CONQUERETH FOR EVERMORE." And truth, pure truth, is in this holy book. It is a book which shines with equal lustre, and carries with it equal consolation, in the cottage of the laborer and the palace of the King. It knows no distinction between men or races, but it is the same Word in all places and at all times, world without end. It is the foundation of the common and the statute law, the conservator of all truly civilized society. It is the source to which woman owes her present exaltation in the domestic sphere. Other jewels perish beneath the touch of time; but this is a jewel which a universe on fire would not destroy, and which all chaos, if piled upon it from the upper frontiers of immensity to the nethermost margin of endlessly descending darkness, would not tarnish or obscure. Read this Word, drink it into your spirits, enshrine it in your hearts. You will find it now and hereafter an infallible teacher, your dearest companion and best friend. If you will read it, and think of it, and practice its precept, you may safely leave all things else, not to chance, but to that Providence who careth for all his children, and whose sustaining hand is equally beneath the sparrow that perishes and those mighty worlds that proclaim his power and glory to the universe.



JAMES K. POLK.

intended to pass the remainder of his days in retirement at his elegant residence in Nashville. But he did not long remain on earth to enjoy the sweets of repose and the delights of home. He was attacked by a chronic diarrhoea, a disease to which he had been for some time liable, which, on the 15th of June, 1849, terminated in death, in the 54th year of his age. He left a widow—an amiable and accomplished lady of Tennessee, well qualified by her education and character to grace the high position to which she was called. Mr. Polk left no children.

Extract from an Address,

Delivered by WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, Esq., June 7th, 1859, before the Young Ladies of Raleigh Female Seminary.

The source of all truth, and the best of all books is the Bible. Commencing with the creation of the world, it furnishes the most accurate history of the Church of God and of mankind, and affords the clearest insight into human nature of any book ever written. It contains, indeed, the only authentic account of the creation, of the promise made of redemption and its fulfilment, of the deluge, of the confusion and dispersion of tongues and consequent peopling of the earth, of intercourse between angels and men, of the Jews, from Abraham to this hour, "scattered and peeled" over the whole earth, and it foretells events, some of which are now occurring on the continent of Europe, of weighty import to the human race. In its delineations of the domestic relations and affections, in the households of the Patriarchs; in

The French Classics.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

My readers will recollect that, in a late number of "The Times," I briefly announced the fact that Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON, of New York, had in contemplation the publication of a series of the French Classics under the editorial supervision of Mr. O. W. Wight, which would embrace the choicest and best works, in general literature, of the most eminent authors of France. Since that announcement several volumes of that admirable series have appeared, and they have fully met my expectations, in every respect. I promised to write a series of notices of them; and it affords me pleasure to commence my notices with a brief review of the incomparable Essays of the quaint old Gascon Essayist, MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

The writings of Montaigne occupy the front rank in the literature of France, and their excellence has been acknowledged and certified to by many of the ablest writers of all countries since his time. "No French writer," says Bayle St. John, "has exerted so much influence on English literature—with the exception, perhaps, of Rabelais—as Montaigne. The Essays are known in substance far beyond the circle of readers who can decipher their idiomatic French, studded with Gascon phrases, or relish the quaint old English translations. From Shakespeare and Bacon down to the humblest essayist, earnest enough to make man the theme of his speculations, we find traces of communion with Montaigne. His acquaintance is sometimes acknowledged, oftener implied. Butler and Pope quote, but Swift and Sterne show that they were familiar with him. There is something marvelously fascinating in his society, which explains this influence far more than any poverty of thought in our great writers. No man can pass an hour with him without feeling wiser and more inclined to be sentimental. The range of his observations was so vast, that to borrow from the Essays seems equivalent to borrowing from the collective experience of humanity."

Montaigne caught the echo of the old Greek poet's song, "know thyself, O man," and by his patient, diligent study and observation, acquired a more thorough knowledge of the philosophy of mind, and of man in general, than any other French writer; and his varied stores of learning were fairly exhausted in the production of his widely celebrated and equally excellent Essays. There is no book extant in which man, as a social, rational, and thinking creature, is so thoroughly disrobed and exposed, as he is in the Essays of Montaigne. "Others form man; I only report him," says he, and I sincerely doubt that so full and complete a report was ever produced as his. "At the head of the French writers who contributed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to turn the thoughts of their countrymen to subjects connected with the Philosophy of Mind," writes Dugald Stewart in the Encyclopedia Britannica, "Montaigne may, I apprehend, be justly placed." In assigning to Montaigne so distinguished a rank in the history of modern philosophy, I have in view chiefly the minuteness and good faith of his details concerning his own personal qualities, both intellectual and moral. The only study which ever seems to have engaged his attention was that of man; and for this he was singularly fitted, by a rare combination of that talent for observation which belongs to men of the world, with those habits of abstract reflection which men of the world have commonly so little disposition to cultivate. "I study myself," says he, "more than any other subject. This is my metaphysics; this my natural philosophy." He has accordingly produced a work unique in its kind; valuable in an eminent degree, as an authentic record of many interesting facts relative to human nature, but more valuable by far, as holding up a mirror in which every individual, if he does not see his own image, will at least occasionally perceive so many traits of resemblance to it as can scarcely fail to invite his curiosity to a more careful review of himself. In this respect Montaigne's writings may be regarded in the light of what painters call studies; in other words, of those slight sketches which were originally designed for the improvement of the artist, but which, on that account, are the more likely to be useful in developing the germs of similar endowments in others."

The essayists are, remarks Hazlitt, if not moral philosophers, moral historians, and that's better; or if they are both, they found the one character upon the other; their premises precede their conclusions, and we put faith in their testimony, for we know that it is true. Montaigne was the first person who led the way to this kind of writing, in the moderns. His great merit was that he may be said to have been the first who had the courage to say as an author,

what he felt as a man, and, as courage is generally the effect of consciousness, strength, he was, probably, led to those by the richness, truth, and force of his own observations on books and men. He was, in the truest sense, a man of original mind; that is, he had the power of looking at things for himself, or as they really were, instead of blindly trusting to, and fondly repeating, what others told him that they were. In taking up his pen, he did not set up for a philosopher, wit, orator, or moralist; but he became all these by merely daring to tell us whatever passed through his mind, in its naked simplicity and force; that he thought any way worth communicating. He inquires what human life is, and has been, to show what it ought to be; and, in treating of men and manners, he speaks of them as he found them, not according to preconceived notions and abstract dogmas; and began by teaching us what he himself was. In criticizing books he did not compare them with rules and systems, but told us what he saw to like or dislike in them. He was, in a word, the first author who was not a book-maker, and who wrote, not to make converts of others to established creeds and prejudices, but to satisfy his own mind of the truth of things. In this respect we know not which to be most charmed with, the author or the man. There is an inexpressible frankness and sincerity, as well as power, in which he writes. There is no attempt at imposition or concealment, no juggling tricks or solemn mouthing, no labored attempts at proving himself always in the right, and everybody else in the wrong; he says what is uppermost, lays open what floats at the top, or lies at the bottom, of his mind, and deserves Pope's character of him, where he professes to be

"Pour out all as plain
As downright Shilpen, or as old Montaigne."

"He does not converse with us like a pedagogue with his pupil, whom he wishes to make as great a block head as himself, but like a philosopher and friend, who has passed through life with thought and observation, and is willing to enable others to pass through it with pleasure and profit. A writer of this stamp, I confess, appears to me as much superior to a common book worm as a library of real books is superior to a mere book-case, painted and lettered on the outside with the names of celebrated works. As he was the first to attempt this new way of writing, so the same strong natural impulse, which prompted the undertaking, carried him to the end of his career. The same force and honesty of mind which urged him to throw off the shackles of custom and prejudice, would enable him to complete his triumph over them. He has left little for his successors to achieve in the way of just and original speculations on human life. Nearly all the thinking of the last two centuries, of that kind which the French denominate *moral observation*, is to be found in Montaigne's Essays; there is the germ, at least, and generally much more. He sowed the seed and cleared away the rubbish, even where others have reaped the fruit, cultivated and decorated the soil to a greater degree of purity and perfection. There is no one to whom the old Latin adage is more applicable than to Montaigne, '*Pereant isti qui ante nostra dixerunt*.' There has been no new impulse given to thought since his time."

A writer in the Retrospective Review bears equally strong and direct evidence of the value and excellence of the works of Montaigne. He says, "It is the author who gives utterance to the promptings of the heart, who mingles human feelings with all his knowledge, that lays fast hold of our affection, and whom, above all, we love and venerate. And such a one is the lively old Gascon, Montaigne. He is, indeed, the author for a snug fireside and an easy armchair. The chief subject of Montaigne's reflections and writings is the philosophy of life. He studied deeply and accurately; he dissected and anatomized his feelings, his fears, and his hopes, nay, the slightest motions of his soul, with the coolness and unconcern of an operating surgeon. He lets us in the innermost thoughts of his heart,—he spreads out before us, as in a picture, every shade and gradation of feeling. Not a phantasma flitted across his mind that he did not put down, and, having contemplated its strangeness or absurdity, he placed it to the credit or debit side of his account. He nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. He is the most warm and candid of friends—the most open of enemies, if, indeed, he ever admitted into his heart any feeling which amounted to personal hostility. The consequence is that nobody can read his works without becoming his intimate and approved good friend—his most familiar acquaintance. We know almost the very minute he was born; and, if he could have so far anticipated time, he would, with equal precision, have informed us of the hour of his death. Nor do we think that any thing would have given him so much pleasure as afterwards to have been able to come back to earth again, and

add another volume to his Essays, that the world might still know the state of his mind. Nothing but the Essays themselves of our old confabulator can convey an adequate idea of their unrestrained vivacity, energy, and fancy of their boldness and attractive simplicity. He says rightly that it is the only book in the world of its kind. All the world, however, may know his book in him, and him in his book, the character of each is the same. His talking discourses are inexpressibly taking and agreeable. With a singular power of self-investigation, and an acute observation of the actions of men, which he discriminated with a learned spirit of human dealing, he combined great affluence of thought and excessiveness of fancy. He was, at once, bold and trifling—philosophical and inconclusive—bold in imagination and free in inquiry—of an open and prepossessing demeanor, he was amiable and eminently attractive. His style is bold, energetic, sententious and abrupt; and although provincial and unrefined, it is original, vivacious, simple and *debonair*."

"No prose writer of the sixteenth century," says the calm and dispassionate Hallam, "has been so generally read, nor, probably, given so much delight. Whatever may be our estimate of Montaigne as a philosopher—a name which he was far from arrogating—there will be but one opinion of the felicity and brightness of his genius."

This strong but merited and just language of commendation of the genius and works of this sterling writer is echoed on this side of the Atlantic by one of our closest thinkers and most prominent authors. R. W. Emerson in his "Representative Men" says "Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers. His French freedom runs into grossness; but he has anticipated all censure by the bounty of his own confessions. He pretends to most of the vices; and, if there be any virtue in him, he says, he got it in by stealth. But, with all this really superfluous frankness, the opinion of an invincible probity grows into every reader's mind. The sincerity and marrow of the man reaches to his sentences, I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words, and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive. There have been men of deeper insight; but one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts; he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for."

Such are the opinions entertained by several eminent essayists of our author, opinions based upon a long familiarity with, and a warm appreciation of the author and his works. I have departed from my usual course of expressing my own opinion, to give room for the opinions of those who have been familiar with Montaigne's writings much longer than I have; yet I fully concur in the opinions here quoted. There is but one opinion entertained relative to him and his works, and that opinion is pretty clearly asserted in what I have already written. The editor of this edition of his works has been of considerable trouble to collect all the opinions of eminent writers of different nations, which are favorable to him, and a list of them is given in the Appendix to the fourth volume, and they number one hundred and thirty-six. Was ever an author so strongly supported by authorities such as these before?

This edition of the works of Montaigne consists of the translation by William Hazlitt, which has universally been regarded as the best translation extant, but which has been carefully compared with the original by the present industrious and indefatigable editor, and who has imparted and corrected the translation of Mr. Hazlitt in many respects. It consists now of four magnificent duodecimo volumes beautifully printed and neatly and substantially bound. In addition to the works of the old Gascon, the editor has wisely prefaced the first volume with Mr. Hazlitt's preface and life of Montaigne, together with that quaint little epistle from Montaigne to the reader. The three first volumes contain the Essays; the fourth contains the Journey in Italy and the Letters. The Essays are followed at the end of volume three with an Appendix containing a bibliographical notice of the editions of Montaigne's Essays from their first publication in 1580 to the present time, together with a chronological summary of the various editions of the same, and also a brief history of the portraits of Montaigne, and an index to the authors quoted in the Essays. The fourth volume is prefaced with an able abridgment of Bayle St. John's Life of Montaigne which fills 180 pages. The editor has thoroughly sifted the chaff and less important positions from the life by St. John, and as it appears here it is just the thing for the place assigned to it. To this volume is appended a summary of the opinions of various authors expressed of Montaigne and his works, numbering 136, and also a full, complete and excellent index to the

whole four volumes. I have been thus minute and particular in stating the contents of this edition, so that my readers may fully understand what it is. It is published in uniform style with Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON's celebrated series of "British Classics," and is intended to form a companion series to that. This is unquestionably the best edition of Montaigne that was ever published in this or any other country in an English dress; and the extensive labors bestowed upon it by editor and publisher, are not amongst the least important features of it. The editor has performed his self-imposed task in a manner that can not but call forth the strongest terms of commendation, and the publishers have issued the work in a style befitting its great merits. I confidently claim for this (the publication of the French Classics) as being the most important literary enterprise undertaken by any publisher in this country since the publication of the British Classics, and this edition of Montaigne is in every way worthy of an extensive circulation and reflects great credit alike upon the author, the editor and the publishers. Price in muslin \$1.25 per vol., in sheep \$1.50 a volume.

LIFE'S CHANGES;

OR,
Floy's Story.

BY JULIA SOUTHWALL.

CHAPTER XIII.

ZILLAH'S TRIALS.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul.
Longfellow.

After Zillah's meeting with Emma, life seemed less dark and gloomy, it is true, but the path of poverty was still rough and thorny to her feet. The haughty Louise Hamilton was one of her pupils and it was a source of vexation to them both. Finally, Louise left her, and took lessons under Signor Bennetto, the Italian music-master and Zillah breathed a fervent "thank heaven!" when she learned the fact. But the gentle Mamie reminded her of Marie, and she would have loved her very dearly, but that she perceived a weakness in her cousin's character with which her own proud, strong nature could not sympathize. Mamie feared the opinion of others so much that she was almost a slave to the public voice, except when her sense of right was outraged.

"Pa," said Louise, as they—the Hamiltons—sat by the fire, for it was winter, now; "Pa, I shall not go another day to that hateful school, if Zillah Sutherland remains there!"

The merchant laid down his ledger, pushed his spectacles to the top of his head, and waited to hear what she had to say. But Louise pointed in silence.

"Well, Louise, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Hamilton.

"I don't like her, in the first place," replied the amiable daughter. "She puts on as many airs as if she were a queen on her throne instead of a poor music-teacher. In the next place, the girl is always asking me how my cousin came to be a music-teacher, and making so many vexatious remarks. Only yesterday one of the teachers asked her if she were not a relative of mine, and what do you think she said?"

"What?" asked the business man, evincing rather more interest in his manner.

"She said 'we were related during my prosperous days, but whether they now recognise the kinship, I cannot say!' and there were the De Lances, and the Merdiths, and the De Veres, all heard it! And all because when I wrote to her last summer I called her cousin Zillah, and, of course, I don't do it now. I won't go another day, if she's there!"

"Then my dear, you will have to remain at home, for I don't see how you'll get rid of her," said the merchant.

"What a world!" ejaculated Marcus, half contemptuously, as he rose and left the room. "I don't see that a school mistress is any worse than most other people, or how Zillah Sutherland is lowered by her noble independence. I've a great curiosity to see her." And he walked off, whistling.

"The president of your school is a rigid Methodist isn't he?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, of Louise.

"Extremely strict."

"Well, Zillah is rather Presbyterian in her principles, isn't she?" continued the step-mother, thoughtfully.

"Cousin Alice said, if I understood rightly, that she had no settled principles at all," answered Louise.

"So she did!" said the step-mother, triumphantly. "I don't like to have Zillah so near us in her mental capacity—it is little better—for reasons of my own. I'll call on the President of your Seminary and I don't think Miss Zillah will trouble you long."

She did call, and her success may be inferred from the fact that the President gave Zillah to understand that her services could be dispensed with for the remainder of the session, as he feared she would communicate her infidel sentiments to her pure minded pupils.

"Her infidel sentiments!" Zillah stood aghast. As she went to her room, walking as if in a stupor, Emma Ashton opened the door of her room and called to her pleasantly.

Zillah turned back and entered.

"Heavens!" cried Emma, as she looked at her white face. "What is the matter, Zillah, dear Zillah?"

"Emma, I am a beggar!"

"So am I, nominally. Everybody who works for a living is a beggar, nowadays. But what has happened, Zillah? You frighten me, you look so pale."

Zillah told her.

"Why, who ever heard the like? Who can have told him this?"

"I don't know. He refused to give the name of his informant."

"But can't you guess? Have you no enemies?"

"None. Why should I have? I have wronged no one."

"What will you do, Zillah?" asked Emma, her gentle brown eyes filling with tears.

"Starve, I suppose," replied Zillah, crossing her arms upon her breast. The ruby cross burned like fire, and she involuntarily raised her hand to her bosom. Emma noticed the movement.

"You seem more of a Catholic than an infidel!" she said smiling sadly. "That sacred emblem should give you hope. I do not believe you were born to such a destiny as you fear. You will triumph yet, Zillah, for a will and intellect such as you possess is trial proof. And even if you should perish ere your work is ended your soul cannot die, and beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb you will accomplish your mission. Never, so long as you can look upon that memento of your Saviour's love, never despair. What is begun in time will be finished in eternity."

"You are different from me," said Zillah, sadly. "To you this cross may speak of love, and faith, and hope. To me it seems rather the heavy cross our Lord bore up Calvary. It is the gift of an old gypsy woman, a prophetess among her tribe, and the chain is woven of my mother's own hair. Believe me or not, as you like, Emma, but when any great sorrow is about to befall me, the cross burns like fire upon my breast. It burns me now, as it burnt when Claire died."

"Can this be true, Zillah?" asked Emma, doubt and belief struggling in her face.

"Place your hand upon it."

Emma did so, and started back with a cry of alarm.

"I cannot account for it," replied Emma, gravely, "but I do know that you should put your trust in One who sends the sorrows your cross fortells, and looks upon earth not as a permanent home, but as a temporary resting place for Christ's pilgrims. Whatever befalls you trust in him. I love you, Zillah. You have a noble nature, and if in an unregenerated state, you are so glorious a creature, what would you not be as a Christian! You are too melancholy and misanthropical."

"Would you believe me," said Zillah, with a quiet smile, "if I should tell you that, not a year since, I was one of the most light-hearted, merry beings that ever enjoyed life? If you knew my history, Emma, you would not be surprised at my want of faith in human hearts."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOOKS IN JAPAN.—Whoever walks through the streets of a Japan town or village will be surprised to notice the number of books exposed for sale in almost every shop. On looking inside he will probably find one or more of the attendants, if otherwise disengaged, busily reading, or listening to something being read by one of the company. In walking through the outskirts of the town, it is not unlikely he will come suddenly on a knot of children, seated in a snug corner out of the sun, all intensely engaged in looking through some story book or other they have just bought at a neighboring stall, and laughing right heartily at the comical pictures which adorn the narrative. The conviction is thus brought home to a man's mind that the Japanese are a reading people.—London News.

W. W. Holden, Esq., will deliver the annual address at the Cumberland county Fair in November next.

THE FIRST DISTRICT.—There is probably as much if not more excitement in the first District than in any other in the State. Messrs. Shaw and Smith are going continually and speak nearly every day, and the papers from that section bring us the particulars connected with the raising of Smith poles and Shaw poles and other demonstrations made by the respective friends of the candidates. It is thought that the contest will be very close.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8th, '59.

The Fourth in Washington—The Steuben Monument—The President in his Summer Retreat—The News from Europe—The Crops—The Weather.

The "glorious Anniversary" passed off quietly in this City. No general celebration took place, although in various parts of the City, societies and clubs had their own festivities, bringing out any amount of latent spread-eagleism. The bells clattered from sunrise to sunset with commendable perseverance, and the boys exploded packs innumerable of squibs and crackers, to the great terror of horses and the serious indignation of old fogies. The rejoicings wound up at night, by a grand display of fireworks, in the President's grounds, the Marine Band, relieving the monotony at intervals, with its glorious music.

In my last letter, I mentioned the probability of Washington being selected, as the site for the great "Steuben Monument," shortly to be erected by the Germans of the U. S. The Steuben convention lately assembled at N. Y., has since confirmed my conjecture, by formally fixing upon the Metropolis as the location of the Statue. Originally, the Steuben movement was a local one, emanating from and being confined to the city of New York. The Germans of this city were the first to step in, and to tell their countrymen all over the Union, that this movement ought to be made a national one, they themselves joining the New Yorkers by the holding of a successful Steuben festival last year. Baltimore, Philadelphia, Richmond, Dayton, Harrisburg, and Lancaster, followed in the lead, when, in consequence of the lateness of the season, and the exciting election agitations in various States, the movement came to a stand still for the time being. This summer the project has been taken up again, and further pursued.

It is now concluded to raise a statue on horse back at the expense of \$30,000, one-third of which has been brought up thus far.

President Buchanan has just taken up his residence at the "Soldiers Home," a delightful suburban retreat near this City, where he will remain during the summer months, with the exception of a few weeks during which he, in company with his niece and some of the cabinet officers, will pay a visit to Bedford Springs.

The news of the great battle which is reported to have lasted sixteen hours and in which the French claim to have defeated 280,000 Austrians has startled the whole country. Unless the French accounts of the engagement are very wide of the mark the result of the combat will be overtures for peace. One thing seems certain; that Austria has contested the ground with the French Emperor inch by inch, and with a spirit and resolution altogether unlooked for in this country.

The Crops throughout this section are very abundant, more prosperous indeed than they have been for many years past. The weather has been very cool for June, with very frequent showers. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 11th.

The freaks of the weather: the crops—The New Bank and money matters—Incidents of "the Fourth"—A new company—An item for "Poninger"—Perpetration of a most outrageous pun.

Dear Times: The weather has been playing so many unaccountable feats within the last ten days that it is justifiable in any one to write on that topic. Within the term specified we have had the thermometer sinking very low, worn winter clothes, cuddled ourselves in double blankets and thought ourselves fortunate if we could see a comfortable fire. Then we have had scorching heat, too hot for any clothes, almost Fahrenheit boiling up to 90°, and everybody and everything in a state of "liquidation," except the debtors, and they would have been so too, if they had had much "running about" to do. A gentleman of this vicinity brought into town on Saturday a basket of hail, which had fallen at his place, on Thursday; the balls were then as large as a quarter eagle; near by was placed a full-grown stalk of corn, beaten to shivers, as a specimen of the destructive might of the icy shower. Our informant stated that they had two hail storms in the same day, both very violent and destructive; it is a fortunate thing our city escaped, otherwise the loss would have been very great. An aerolite, or something, having that appearance, was also noticed near the city and also near Wilmington; we leave the weather wise and the gatherers of ominous statistics to take a note of these matters and to cipher out what they portend. Meanwhile the news from all parts of the State is very gratifying, as far as corn is concerned; the only complaint of the farmers, and of course they must complain some, is that the grass grows too fast for them; but the cotton planters, what will become

of them? In Edgecombe, which, last year, made more cotton than she had ever been known to do before, hardly a third of a crop is expected; the plant is literally covered with lice, which draw out its life and strength; some fields we hear of, containing 100 to 150 acres, will not make 20 bales. However the consolation is, that the shorter the crop the higher the price; so an apparent evil is overbalanced by a real good.

The N. Y. "Journal of Commerce," speaking of the new Loan, advertised for by the State Treasurer, pays a high compliment to the ability and integrity of our State; a proof of this is the facility with which a loan of large amount was negotiated with the "Continental Bank," in that city, at 5½ per cent. per annum. The announcement some weeks ago that the amount necessary to redeem the coupons was already in the Bank of the Republic did not attract even a passing notice, so much was it thought to be a matter of course. The Subscription Books for the new Bank have been reopened and no doubt can be entertained that the whole amount required to complete the capital, less than \$300,000, will be speedily absorbed. Certificates of a special deposit of gold in the several banks of the State, it has been agreed on by the commissioners, will be regarded as a valid payment on the stock and gold can be readily brought here at about five or six-eighths of one per cent. premium. The stockholders of both the old and new banks are to meet here on July 20th, when it is probable a concert of action between the two bodies will be produced, which will prove mutually beneficial. The Bank of Salisbury and the Bank of Commerce, Newbern, chartered by the last legislature, have been abandoned; the Bank of Lexington is in a flourishing condition of forwardness, B. A. Kittrell, President, J. W. Symington, Cashier, and the Savings Banks of Hillsboro and Warrenton are doing a frisky business. So much for money matters; turn we now to things of less import.

Among the noticeable incidents of "the Fourth," noticeable as not being in accordance with general custom, were the absence of the Governor from the procession and the entire exclusion of the people from their house, the Capitol, the building was closely shut during the entire day; no flag hoisted, and many visitors from a distance, who would gladly have seen the halls, and behaved with the most rigorous propriety were excluded; there was no small amount of grumbling among the large crowd on the down train next morning.

The military spirit appears again to be stirring up our young men; in response to an energetic call, several meetings have been held, committees appointed, &c. We are very glad to see this; there is plenty of the right material here, if it only be rightly used and moulded into proper shape; it is much to be hoped the new company will not share the fate of its predecessors, who started so vigorously in the race for glory, but gave up before the prize was attained. The O. C. Gs. are also taking steps to infuse more vigor into that body, and our energetic sheriff, High, who served in Mexico, is looked on as a most acceptable captain.

Your talented correspondent, "Poninger," is respectfully informed that the "Star of Love" is by that veteran of literature, Geo. P. Morris. It has been sent to music, and if he could hear it sung as we have, he would be still more enchanted by its beauty.

A friend of ours, speaking of the exploit of the Zouaves at Magenta, where they defied their trousers, charged a battery and then recovered themselves, says they remind him of the ancient runners at Olympia, "they panted" after the victory.

Yours, P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, July 9th, '59.

Dear Times:—Here we are in the midst of as inglorious inactivity as often falls to the lot of the Empire city. The Fourth has whizzed by us with its usual convoy of accidents, incidents and miscellany, and everybody is looking pretty sober—as men generally do after a spree. We had a delightful day in every respect, which was brought to a focus by a goodly pyrotechnical display, which, strange to say, like everything in this world, ended in smoke. There is quite a dearth of news among us at present; fact is, everybody and his uncle is out of town just now, and except a marriage in "high life" which took place last week, and a Fifth Avenue elopement affair we have had but little excitement.

The parties to the former were Miss Fannie Anderson, daughter of Anderson the millionaire tobaccoist and our City Recorder, Barnard. The bride is a charming specimen of the crinolined gender, and looked like an Empress.

The latter is rather a singular affair, and involved in considerable mystery. As near as we have been able to get at it, however, it appears that the lady, who is only about nineteen, was married some year

ago to a monied gentleman of sixty, much against the wishes of the bride, but in accordance with the express commands of her parents, who were exceedingly desirous that their daughter should marry said Two Hundred Thousand aforesaid, which she accordingly did, protesting at the same time that she could not, for certain reasons which did not then transpire, conscientiously marry said Two Hundred Thousand dollars, but parents were importunate; and so she became Mrs. Two Hundred Thousand shortly afterwards. In this way things passed along for something over a year and up till a few days ago, when said lady Two Hundred Thousand suddenly disappeared with a respectable fortune, and, it is believed, sailed for the continent. On the table of the "flown bird" lay a letter, addressed to her parents, which gave a key to the mystery. It stated that said lady Two Hundred Thousand was clandestinely married to a handsome young French officer some months before she became the *cara sposa* of Mr. Two Hundred Thousand, and that she was off to join her soldier husband in Italy. The affair has been hushed up as much as possible, but it is quite too romantic a story to keep corked in a bottle, and besides it served old Two Hundred Thousand just as he "oughter" be served and read the lady's parents a wholesome lesson.

Theatricals are decidedly dull just now. The Misses Goughenheim are playing at Laura Keane's Theatre to medium audiences, and Burton is starring it at Niblo's. The churches are closed for the season and poor humanity must do its own praying for the present. There are two new theatres in course of erection in New York at present—one for Dion Bourcualt and his Agnes, and the other, I believe, for some famous Bostonian. By the way, there are more theatres here now than pay, and Dion could have invested elsewhere to be *ter advantage*.

More anon! for the present adieu—yours till death, QUEERSTREET.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

DOWN THE BAY, NEW YORK, }
June 28th 1859. }

Dear Times: The afternoon was sultry; the great tide of heat came in from the streets and seemed to flood the room to suffocation. Conversation flagged, and ennui seemed to hang over us all. My youthful friend Rinaldo uttered a feeble complaint and languidly elevated his eyes after the manner of the pictured madonnas, until he looked quite saintly. My other young friend Alieno became restless, nervously twitched a most unpromising sad colored moustache, and at last broke out in to open rebellion. "My boys," I said with that woe-like air which my double amount of years and long acquaintance with them, allowed me to assume, "my boys let's leave the city for a brief while." Oculars came down to their normal position, and the twitchings ceased.

"Good idea, never thought of that before, but where shall we go?" "anywhere get your hats and we'll be off."

Chapeaus were donned, and riverward we wended our way, along the shady side of the street, stepping over barrels, slipping around hogheads, and dodging bales until we reached the water-side. There were steamers, but they were of the black-hulled red-piped kind, that cross the ocean, there were river steamers but they were steamless for the time being, so on we went along the wharves, through heat and dust, until at last found where and when a boat would start for up the river. That would suit us, but while we were waiting on the end of the deck, in a state of high perspiration, a steamer moved up to the wharf, and the plank was thrust ashore. I looked up and read on the flag floating at its stern "Coney Island." "Come lad," I exclaimed, this'll do as well, jump aboard; My young friends relieved of thinking or acting for themselves, followed me, so we soon found ourselves transferred from the garish streets to the cool upper-deck of the "Massachusetts." There was one more landing to make before leaving the city; the steamer ran along by the docks, by the stems of great vessels from all parts of the world, by piles of cotton-bales and by gangs of stevedores relieving the repetitive holds of their stores of merchandise, and filling others with the products of our country, destined for distant ports. Ferry-boats were crossing and recrossing, fidgity little tugs puffing and blowing around us, and graceful sailing vessels with their white wings flew by us, dashing the water into numberless beads of spray. The steamer stopped at the appointed pier; took on a party of excursionists, and steamed on. The wheels revolved, transforming the water into a thousand flakes of creamy foam, and shaking the drops from their ponderous arms like showers of emeralds. I was reminded of these lines of Coleridge's, occurring, I think, in the "Ancient Mariner":

"The fair wind blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Down the harbor we sped; my two companions and myself, were seated on the

shady side of the deck, amidst fair faces and fluttering ribbons, for the breeze was blowing quite freshly; we could hardly realize that a few minutes before we were within the baking walls of the city. The smiling shores of Long Island greeted us on one side, and on the other, Staten Island lifted its richly wooded hills. Glimpsing among the trees we could see the monuments of Greenwood, farther on the banks were studded with picturesque suburban villas, some embowered amid foliage, others built upon some eminence commanding a fine view of the bay. Here, the business man of the city can go after the cares of the day are over, and in the sweet retirement of his family, forget for a while the feverish existence of the city. From his library window he can look across the smooth lawn to the sparkling waters of the bay, and behold the great ocean steamers going out freighted with voyagers bound for pleasant lands beyond the sea, in search of money, health, and pleasure. He can see the tall ships winging their way to the balmy islands of the southern ocean, and arriving vessels loaded with swarthy men, and delicious fruits from the tropics; he can view this fair scene, and see and hear much to soothe his spirit and prepare him for the strife of the morrow.

Rinaldo and Alieno were talking in the Gallic tongue, a habit of theirs when they did not wish me to know the import of their conversation; as I retain a little of the French learned in my younger days, I partly understood them.

"Vous voyez bien cette demoiselle-la," said Alieno.

"Oui!" from Rinaldo.

"Elle est jolie, n'est ce pas?" continued Alieno.

"C'est une tres-charmante personne,"

je—

I here take occasion to interrupt these comments on the young lady, who was really pretty, by calling the youths' attention to the terraced shores of Staten Island, remarking what a fine view could be obtained from those castellated buildings on the heights, they coincided with me, but seemed to find greater charms in the eyes of their fair fellow-passenger—I, who am past such folly, continued to gaze at the shore. We were now approaching Fort Hamilton, and as I regarded the grinning rows of cannon, I thought what a poor chance a hostile vessel would have to enter our harbor, exposed to such heavy batteries on each side of the Narrows—

When we were fairly in the lower bay, we began to feel the long ocean swell, the waves tossed up their white crests, and seemed like sea-nymphs coquettishly waving their handkerchiefs at us. Presently we reached that barren sand bank called "Coney Island," stepping ashore, we strayed along the beach, and amused ourselves by picking up shells, and watching the waves as they rolled in over the clear, white sand and then retreated leaving a smooth, satin-like surface to the beach. When we reached the sea-ward side of the island, we saw some bathers, in the surf, disporting with apparent jollity, in the briny element, as it foamed about them; it was amusing to see them manfully endeavoring to breast some curling in-coming breaker, and end in finding their heels at a greater elevation than their heads. Out a short distance beyond the bathers, tossing and tumbling, were a school of porpoises having a fine game of leap-frog. By this time we began to feel some inward cravings, so we made our way across the sand-ridges to the "Pavilion," as it is called, and entered a hall where some tables were set, almost every one knows that clams are the only production of this island, therefore every visitor considers himself under a moral obligation to eat some of these estimable bivalves. We took our seats, and asked the sable attendant what he had, he responded "clams fried, clams boiled and roasted clams, clams plain and clam chowder, and," "enough" said we, "bring us some chowder." The desired cornestible appeared, and in due time, was placed out of sight, and in half an hour afterwards we were seated on the stern seats of the upper deck of the steamer. The return was far more pleasant than the coming, the great red sun was going down, and tinged the water, which was smooth now, with a beautiful rose color, except where the surface was changed, by the ripple of schools of fish into fret-work of gold. Far away, in the dim haze of the horizon, we saw the gleam of

"Argasies of magic sails,
Pilets of the purple twilight, dropping down
With costly bales."

The scene was truly beautiful, in the distance an azure line of shore extended around the bay, like a mighty arm seeking to clasp a radiant maiden who, shaking her jeweled head, laughingly eludes his grasp. The steamer soon landed us on the wharf, in the dust and dire of the streets again. The city was more quiet now than when we started, for twilight had fallen, but still throbbing with feverish and tumultuous life.

MAX SIFAX.

The Degree of D. D. was conferred on Prof. Shipp of the University of N. Carolina, at the recent commencement of Randolph Macon College, Virginia.

Commencements.

(Specially Reported for the Times.)

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, EMMITTSBURG, MD.

The Commencement Exercises took place on Wednesday, June 29th. Oration was delivered on the following subjects: "National Literature," by J. G. Devereux, New Orleans; "Revolutions," A. J. Quigley, Dubuque, Ia.; "Spain," C. V. Lukon, Guayaquil, Ecuador; "Education," J. Wale, N. Orleans; "Virginia," W. V. Marmion, Harper's Ferry, Va.; "The Uses of Beauty," M. A. Corrigan, Newark, N. Jersey. H. P. Northrop, of Charleston, S. C., recited "Inkerman," a poem, and J. G. Devereux, of N. O., delivered the Valedictory.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon J. E. McIntire of Pa., F. B. Forbes and E. E. Austin of N. Y., B. R. Riordan of Washington, J. B. Basen of Milwaukee, and Joseph Fitzgerald of Cincinnati.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on M. A. Corrigan, N. J.; A. J. Quigley, Ia.; W. V. Marmion, Va.; J. Wale, Ia.; C. V. Lukon, Ecuador, and J. G. Devereux, La.

A very large concourse had assembled to grace the occasion with their presence, and the "feast of reason" was followed by another of scarcely less gratifying kind, the grand annual commencement dinner, at which the new graduates sat side by side with the alumni of the institution, many of whom are now eminent in the various walks of life.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, D. C.

The closing ceremonies of this Institution also took place June 29th. Previous, however, to the Commencement, the two leading societies, the "Eosinian" and "Philophrenian" united in a grand celebration at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, the prominent features of which were the recitation of a poem by John R. Thompson, Esq., and an Oration by Rev. L. Burrows DD.

Diplomas were conferred upon the following young gentlemen: Jos. F. Dennis, John T. Griffin, William A. Harris, Jr., Trezevant Harrison, Charles W. Hassler, Samuel R. White, John H. Wright and William S. Wright.

A number of beautiful bouquets thrown by fair hands were the first congratulations that met the happy recipients.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

The Annual Commencement of Georgetown College, which came off July 6th, is conceded by all who were in attendance to have been one of the most interesting and spirited which has taken place at this time-honored Institution for many years. It was witnessed by an unusually large number of visitors, a large proportion of whom were ladies. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Marine band, in full force.

The President of the United States was present, and seemed to take a lively interest in the exercises. He also participated in the ceremony of graduation, and assisted in the distribution of medals and premiums, delivering to the graduating students their diplomas, and to the successful students their tokens of honor.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Alex. Dimitry and Geo. W. Waterson, of Louisiana, and Augustine Jose Morales, of New York.

The degree of A. M. was conferred on Wm. X. Wells and Robert C. Coombs, of Md., Robt. Ray, of Ia., John Brickelman, of Ohio, and Daniel G. Major, of Cal.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on Robert Lovelace, James O. Martin, and Peter S. Brand of La., John P. Marshall, James P. Meale, John P. Gardner, and Francis X. Ward of Md., Benj. Shekel of D. C., Clement S. Lancaster of Pa., and Charles Stone and James Tracy of Mass. James P. Neale of Md. delivered the Valedictory.

After the close of the literary and other exercises in the hall, the students repaired to the large dining hall, and the faculty, and a large number of invited guests to the refectory, where an abundance of substantial and delicacies which had been prepared for the occasion, awaited their appetite.

More Home Testimony.—Boston, April 18, '52 No. 48 Union St.—Mr. Seth W. Fowle, Dear Sir: Your invaluable medicine, I can truly say, has literally snatched me from the grave. Last July I was attacked by a sudden Cold, which resulted in a very severe Cough, with violent Pains in the Side and Chest. I became so much reduced, that my friends frankly told me that I must die. At this crisis, I heard of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and immediately sent for a bottle. The effect produced was indeed wonderful. My physician, one of the most respectable in Boston, who had previously told me that a cure was hopeless, came in, and I informed him what I had taken. He examined the Balsam, and advised me to continue the use of it, since which time I have continued to improve daily; and the same physician who had given me up, told me, a few days since, that I might yet live many years. Respectfully, MARY ROWE. We can cheerfully testify to the truth of the above statement, Mrs. Rowe having been an inmate of our family. WILLIAM DENNETT, MARIHA DENNETT. None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, July 16, 1859.

C. C. COLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

C. W. CARTERS, D.D., WM. R. HUNTER, J. STARR HOLLOWAY, W. L. H. SMOULDER, J. WOODRUFF LEWIS, S. J. C. WHITFIELD, MARY W. JAYNES, WILLIE R. FAYOR, J. A. CLAYTON, C. G. DIXON, ANNA M. EATES, GRACE MILWOOD, MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON, ED. ST. GEO. COOKE, MRS. C. HUTCHINS, GRIFITH J. MOORE, and others.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Encouragement! How much power has been concentrated in this word! The young mechanic, just out of his time, becomes a journeyman, and, packing his "kit," off he starts to a new "shop" to search for employment in a strange place and among strangers. But there is encouragement within him. He is not a stranger to the element of perseverance, and he starts out upon his new enterprise with a light heart and a strong hope. "I shall ever pray that you may be successful," were the last words that fell from his mother's lips, and as he repeats them over and over again, as he jogs on toward his destination, the pure strength of encouragement is imparted to his determination, and he says to himself, "I will be successful." Treasures of power exist within the principles of encouragement. He who never receives one approving word or nod to encourage him in his dearest undertaking, grows weary and faints in the beginning. One kind word, one ratifying look, one warm smile of approbation, would have saved him and pulled him onward to success. So we see, that one of the prime essentials to successful endeavors and labors, is found in encouragement. The elements of which it is composed are elements of strength—moral and physical power. Whenever a good work is started, encourage it—pray for its progress—its fulfillment. Genius lives on honest praise, so good enterprises must naturally fail if they receive no need of encouragement.

Peace.

When we listen to the sound of war that comes to us over the Atlantic, from the land of Homer and Virgil, and, then, lend an ear to the sweet music of peace which floats over our own good land, it is no wonder that every American impulse which lies within us should vibrate most deliciously, even eloquently, if such may be, when touched by those thoughts which only flow from a consciousness of national tranquility. There is something (even to the most sanguinary nature) dreadful in war; something which causes the soul to rebel and the heart to suffer those exquisite agonies which spring from a mind shocked by some terror-giving idea. We have (as a nation) had a war-experience. Our existence was the result of a long contested debate of bayonets, and we may be said to wear the stains of blood upon our hearts. But those stains are stains of honor, too, and every war that has occurred since "first the world began," cannot properly be denominated a war of principle. Peace is a word broad and deep with meaning, and the struggle which is now going on over the sea enables us to set a higher value upon that word and its meaning than we ever have be-

fore. The prayer of every true American patriot is, that our country may witness the change of many seasons—aye, of many centuries!—before the sound of cannons and the rattle of grape-shot and ball shall send up their resounding echoes from the East shore to the West.

N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

In the July number of this Journal, just issued, we find the following report in reference to its success; and we take pleasure in complying with the request of the editor to publish.

The educational interests of North Carolina demand a Journal, a demand this Journal is intended to fill. And no friend of education is doing his duty so long as he withholds his support from the North Carolina Journal of Education. The Journal is the property of the State Educational Association, and should any profits accrue from its publication, they will go to the Association. It is, therefore, not to be expected that any one man will devote his time and labor exclusively to its promotion and success. But it demands the united patronage of every teacher and friend of education in the State.

We would especially call attention to the provision of the Legislature wherein each county Board is instructed to subscribe for the School District's in their respective counties. All should strictly attend to this as a duty to the Districts.

AN APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION.

We desire to call special attention to the following communication, sent by one of the committee appointed to aid in extending the circulation of the Journal.—We hope that every friend of the cause will exert his influence in its favor, feeling that he is working for the benefit of education and not for the pecuniary interest of any individual. The Journal belongs to the Educational Association:

The undersigned in behalf of the committee appointed by the Educational Association to secure subscribers to the Journal of Education would earnestly call attention to the following statements.

It appears that the subscription falls far short of the amount necessary to carry on the Journal at the price offered. Arrangements were made with the printers in the expectation that aid would be received from the State.

A bill making provision for that purpose was by an oversight laid on the table too late in the session of the Legislature for it to be taken up again. This may be remedied at the next session. In the meantime provision must be made for present necessities. 1000 subscribers ought to be obtained in addition to those now existing. The means are ample.

It appears that there are nearly 4000 Common Schools in N. C. If one half of the teachers of these schools, together with other friends of education, would subscribe for the Journal it would be placed on an independent basis. Besides this the Legislature during its last session placed it in the power of the county Superintendents to secure the success of the Journal. I quote from Sect. 6 of the law, the whole of which may be found in the March number of the Journal for this year.

"Be it further enacted that if any be lawful for the board of county Superintendents to subscribe and pay for one copy of the N. C. Journal of Education, published by the Educational Association, for the use of each common school or district in the county: Provided said Journal is furnished at the price of one dollar per copy for each copy, per annum;" and the chairman of the Superintendents shall in all cases when required by district committees subscribe for a copy of said Journal for each committee so applying and charge the same to said district." It is further provided that these copies shall be filed and preserved in each school house for the foundation of district libraries.—Let us keep these facts in mind and that one thousand subscribers are necessary to enable the Journal to pay expenses.

Whatever amount is obtained above that, belongs to the Association and will enable it to increase its own efficacy and that of the Journal.

The work is one of great value. It affords a large amount of actual information, in facts and experience, not otherwise accessible to our teachers, and so elevates and improves them. It thus adds to their actual value. Our Counties cannot make a more profitable investment than in the method provided above, since it will be amply repaid in the increased proficiency and interest of the teachers and friends of Education.

It enables the teachers of the State to communicate with each other and in the act to develop their own powers.

It affords the means of laying before the public the valuable reports and lectures read before the Association, which

otherwise would benefit but the few who hear them, and if the county superintendents do their duty, place them within the reach of all. I need only refer the members of the Association to the addresses and lectures of Mr. Clegg, Prof. Hubbard, Gov. Swain, Prof. Johnston, Mr. Brent and Mrs. Jones, most of which are now at the disposal of the Editors, and which it is understood will appear from time to time in the Journal.

Without making invidious comparisons we may be permitted to say that the lecture of Gov. Swain on the early history of the State ought in this way to find access to every school room in the state.

Shall an enterprise so full of value be allowed to fail? The honor of the Association and of the State is at stake.

We call upon the members of the Association and the readers of the Journal to come up to its assistance. See to it that the teachers in our schools and the superintendents in our counties do their duty. Let it be done once and in earnest. Let, if possible, every reader of the Journal endeavor to get one more, for the work cannot be overdone.

In behalf of the Committee,
C. W. SMYTHE.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

The pictorial edition of this great work is before the public, and a truly magnificent work it is. Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, the publishers, deserve much credit for the thorough manner in which they have done the work. The old edition has been thoroughly revised, and several new features have been added, the most prominent of which is an illustrated department, containing 1500 beautiful wood engravings, which are executed and printed in the highest style.

We quote the following from the Boston Journal:

"The publications of Noah Webster have been more successful than those of any American author. His name has probably appeared on the title page of a larger number of books than that of any writer, ancient or modern. Over forty million copies of his Elementary Spelling Book alone have been sold; and it is still published at the rate of 1,250,000 copies a year. The paltry premium of half a cent on each copy supported his family during the long years he was at work upon his great dictionary. He died before the pecuniary value of his labors was realized. If new copyrights of his publications, having the usual term of years to run, could now be taken out, they would be worth half a million of dollars. His Unabridged Dictionary, revised and enlarged by his son-in-law, Prof. Goodrich, has been the most successful publication that has ever been issued in this country, and its success has been richly deserved. As a monument of herculean labor, original research, and profound scholarship, it has stood alone among other works of English lexicography like the majestic oak amid the shrubbery of the thicket. It has been republished in England, and has the same reputation there and on the continent as in this country. It has been the substratum of all subsequent English dictionaries; and in the case of the great Imperial Dictionary, edited by Dr. Ogilvie, it is announced on the title page that the work is based on Webster.

"Whether Webster is to maintain his present relative position with reference to other similar publications, remains to be seen. The glory of the past, at least, is secure. Fortunately, indeed, will be this generation of scholars, if we are to have an independent work that can maintain the claim of superiority, or even of equality. In that event, even, the glory of the great American lexicographer would remain, for no one can presume to success in this department without using the materials of Noah Webster's research and scholarship. Science could not have boasted of Kepler and Tycho Brahe, if they had not stood upon the broad shoulders of Galileo. Laplace and Leverrier could not have demonstrated their sublime propositions, if they had not used the labors of Newton and Copernicus. We shall most cordially welcome any new work, and shall candidly examine it, and acknowledge whatever of merit it may possess; but from long and constant use of Webster's Unabridged, we cannot speak of it in less complimentary terms than we have. Other dictionaries, general and special, we have always at hand; but we never feel strong on an abstruse subject of inquiry until we have examined our well-worn copy of the Unabridged. So exhaustive and satisfactory we have uniformly found it to be, that enlargement and improvement seemed hardly desirable.

"A new edition, however, appears upon our table, embellished with illustrations, and containing much new matter."

Another battle, see account inside.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONGOE."

"QUINTILAS QUIRK," as humorous a fellow (when he's a mind 'ter be) as we wot of, has kindly favored us, this week, with the following *belles desprits* which we present to our readers with feelings such as we don't experience every day. What's more is this: we don't want to experience such phunny phellings every day, for our heart can not bear expansion to an exorbitantly extraordinary degree, without exploding, and, for that reason, we would rather be excused from entertaining such exquisite feelings every day of our life, as we do at present. But to "Mr. QUIRK," here's his pen-o-graph which all may read who feel so inclined; those who don't feel so had better go to bed; that's all we've got to say, so we make way for the following article on

NOW AND THEN.

"Those sunny, sunny hours of Childhood; How soon! how soon, they pass away!"

How pleasant 'tis, dear Gossip, to sit in one's easy chair and conjure up memories of the past. How childhood, toying with its tiny load of years, passed in review before us. How its songs vibrate on the memory; carrying us back to the old home where the eye of a mother beams with love and pride, and each well remembered face is lighted up with smiles.

Home, my dear Gossip, is made more pleasant that the heart of the wanderer may return to it in after years, sure of finding a peaceful haven, and a safe shelter from the bitter winds that sweep over the ocean of life.

Our hearts always find home as they left it. The pale, white stones in the churchyard may speak the names of all who gathered around the hearthstones; the grass may bow while the breeze sighs a requiem through its leaves, yet memory turns with a thrill to the old home, and we find, setting in their accustomed places, every name that is graven on our hearts.

Childhood is the spring and summer of our existence; but this is never realized until the frost of disappointment causes its leaves to wither and fade, and its blossoms to shrink odorless within themselves. No longer contented and happy, it strikes out for the other side of Jordan with a load of sin, care and trouble on its shoulders that threatens to engulf it at every breath; buoyed up with the hope that something will turn up to prevent the catastrophe, and just at the culminating point death tugs at its heels, and then,

"Beneath these stones lie Jamie's bones!"

We can not emulate, or imitate, the pleasures of Childhood; they are innocent in themselves, and enervate upon nothing but their years, and those steal away with a soft, downy step, while time has beguiled the sense with his somnolent lullaby.

We can only dream of those days now; can only burnish up our memory with pleasant musings, and, with trouble shut out from our view, fancy ourselves as in days of yore swinging on somebody's gate, while chewing the sweetest bit of a molasses stick, and wondering if we should ever learn to whistle "Jim a long o' Josey," as well as some caved play-fellow.

But what a change has come over us! All some are competing in the lists for fame; others without thought are running a break-neck race with Old Time, and the drunkard's grave for a goal; while still more let the world pass idly by, as if they had no part or lot in the matter. Queer world this, queer world, eh, Gossip? Perhaps next week I shall not feel so leniently; till then, I extend my digits.

As ever,
SING-SING, N. Y.

Yes, friend "QUIRK," this is a queer world. There's no such thing as rubbing that out! But then, to use an old-ism, 'tisn't the world's fault. Then again, 'it takes all kinds to make a world,' you know, and, to pile it on, 'things aint how as they used to was.' Change is something peculiar to everything but a poor-man's pocket, as the laws of nature folly, and most powerfully, attest. Shakespeare has said, as he only could say it, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and "WANDERER," in the paper following, gives us an illustration of that sentiment. He writes:

Wild-wood Cottage,
July 16, 1859.

"Pongoe" Gossip, Esq.—Here I am, at last, free from the turmoil and dust of the city. After having calculated how much it would cost of anxiety for me to leave my business for a few weeks, I concluded to run away from briefs, bills of costs, clients, &c., and rusticate awhile among the hills and valleys surrounding "Wild-wood Cottage," the residence of my old law-chum Jim Newberry.

"Wild-wood Cottage" is so named because it is environed with a grove of trees and shrubbery. It is situated on a gentle elevation overlooking a fertile meadow on two sides and on the other sides a range of lofty mountains, at the base of which flows "Oterhill Creek." There! are you satisfied with this glowing description? If not, imagine the rest as best you can.

Well! dear Gossip, to tell the truth "I don't care a copper" for all the scenery while there is such a happy bevy of lads and lassies about me. To prove how happy they are I'll just relate a little circumstance. The day after my arrival we were all sitting on the shore of the "Oterhill," talking and laughing, when a saucy breeze transferred "Miss Eva Logan's" bloomer from her head into the water below. I, like a gallant knight, stooped over to pick it up when "Mattie Coulkin"—"accidentally of course"—assisted me a little further than I desired to go. In an instant I was kicking and pulling like a porpoise in the water, while a half-dozen voices were making the hills echo with their shouts of laughter, and then, to make the joke complete, they proposed that I be called, henceforth and forever, the "Bloomer Diver." "Miss Eva" could hardly repress her risibilities as she wiped the water from my face with one corner of her apron. I believe she sympathized with me in my affliction while all the rest thought it the best joke of the sea-

son. I went towards the cottage at a "frightful gait" with the whole troop after me at the top of their speed, shouting, as they came on, "long-live the brave diver!" "huzza! for the Knight of the Bloomer," and other equally sharp epithets.

They enjoyed the sport at my expense, and upon the whole, I don't care, because it was all in fun, and I will be even with them yet. Quite a consolation for a fellow who came near losing his life! Well, it's over and I ain't dry once more, so I'll just take a glass of "Newark Cider" sweet and clear as when it came from the press, and no doubt I shall feel better. Whew! that was delightful! "Old Port" isn't a circumstance to such a glass of apple-juice.

You may hear from me again before I leave these parts, when the expense of the joke will be on the outside of the house, and the laughing on "our side." I must conclude, for the younger ladies are all ready for a sail on the "Oterhill" by "the sweet silver light of the moon," so here goes—adieu! "WANDERER."

.....The idea of being 'laid' at,' was 'strenuously hawful,' friend "WANDERER," and we think that we wouldn't have kept our anger under, as well as you did. We pity the crinoline and finger-rings that would dare to presume so much as to "hee hee" at us on such an exhibition of our chivalry. Wet as we might be, we'd go in for a kiss all 'round and then—"dry up!" "WANDERER" follows this up with

APRIL SHOWERS.

April is the month of all others for genial showers of rain, descending like sheets of glass and mingling with the sunbeams; forming little rills of beauty soon to pass away. But they fulfill their mission: they invigorate the soil and give life to the seed sowed by the tiller of the soil in the prolific earth. They are the promises of a plentiful harvest in the days to come, when the October winds shall go laughing by, opening and shutting doors and window-shutters, blowing through crevices, shrieking through halls, dancing through garrets, and are as boisterous as a troop of country school-boys.

So should it ever be with us. Genial showers of Friendship, blending with the brilliant sunlight of Truth should ever fall upon and invigorate the heart—garden-spot of immortality—of every one with whom we associate in life's devious ways. Showers of innocent mirth—showers of festive joy—showers of gentleness and showers of love ought ever to fall from the skies of the soul upon all who gather around us.

If we enjoyed one continuous April in the heart how fresh and lovely would all things seem; life would be a heaven below and mortal men its angels.

Dear Gossip readers, let the smile of welcome ever greet a friend, and the tongue speak the truthful meaning of the soul; then will life prove an April day of balmy showers and sunlight.

.....Better advice seldom tickles the ears, than that just given above, and, if those for whom it is intended were strictly to follow it, many things, which upon their face appear unorthodox and ugly, would be 'transmogrified,' as by magic, into perfect beauties. We confess to a weakness, albeit our appetite is as strong as a piece of 'wild-leather.' We are extremely fond of 'green peas and roast lamb'—so fond, it is true, that we consider that fondness the weakness in question. But, then, where is the man who don't like that dish? If he be within the hearing of the court, let him answer! While on this subject we beg leave to submit the following

ODE TO LAMB.

Hind quarters of the type of innocence Whether with peas and mint I must dispense, Or go the wain—blaspheming the expense— And thus enjoy thee in the fullest sense— That is the question.

Rear section of young mutton—tender food— Just in the dawn of grass-fed juicy hood— Dainties like thee should not be served up nude,

But graced with all the trimmings understood, To help digestion.

Then boil the peas—the fragrant mint prepare, Be thou, prime joint! not overdone, nor rare— Concoct the gravy with exceeding care— When all is ready, serve—I shall be there— I always am!

Incipient sheep's meat—when on thee I dine, Hot be the plate, and icy cold the wine— Three slices midway of the leg be mine— Then put the rest away—for very fine— Is cold roast lamb!

.....Isn't that a 'tip-top'?

.....We have a whole bundle of communications for the "Gossip," which we are compelled to lay over till next week.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Faithful.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

They have tried to force me from thee, They say I must forget, And it fills my heart with sorrow, And mine eyes with tears are wet.

They have said I must not love thee, They say I must forget, But, oh! I love thee wildly, And I do not this regret.

Is it because stern fortune Is frowning on thee now, They would have me thus forsake thee, And break my solemn vow?

Is it, oh, heaven will me! Because thou hast up gold, They have coldly, cruelly crushed me, And these bitter words have told?

Then let darkest fortune settle, Its shade upon thy brow, My heart will still be faithful— I'll cling to thee as now!

Oak Glen, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
In Memoriam.

BY WILLIAM F. FARMER.

Once more the weeping willows sweep
Across the emerald tufts that grow
Above our mother's form, whose sleep
Is of that kind we all must know.

Long, long the shadows grew apace
And neared the threshold of our home,
And when it reached the loved one's place
We knew the appointed time had come.

The Autumn leaves fell thick and fast,
September gales were in the air
When the Death Angel hurried past,
But not alone; for he did fear.

Upon his heart, the soul of one
Whose earthly race had found its close;
"Life's weary rounds of labor done,"
And with its ending, calm repose.

Ever long the white snow drifted down
And hid the dark mould from our sight;
But could not hide that sweet renown
Of love, preserved in memory's light.

With steady march the seasons went;
Once more the white snows crowned the
world;
And when the winter's race was spent
Again the time of flowers was told.

And now once more the willows sweep
Across the emerald tufts that grow
Above our mother's form whose sleep
Is of that kind we all must know.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
Yet all their changes cannot make
An ebbing to the tides that flow
To memory's sea for lost love's sake.

Far down within the restless heart
One holy spot there is; and there
We keep the cherished thoughts that start
Above the rounds of busy care.

And often, when in solemn mood
The mind in memory's chamber keeps
Lone vigil, the sweet solitude
The presence hath of one who sleeps.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

**The Tale of Florence;
A SIMPLE STORY
OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE.**

BY QUIEN SAGE?

FLORENCE!
As I write that simple beautiful name, its owner looks over my shoulder; she rests a round snowy arm upon my neck, and with her cheek against the side of my head, asks:

"What of Florence, Harry?"
"Something good, my dear, because it is true; you shall see when I have finished," and I kiss the lily hand, and away she goes leaving me alone in my study. She goes off singing with her keys upon her arm, to attend to her household duties.

In the year eighteen hundred and blank, the beautiful Shenandoah river ran through the great Valley of Virginia, for nearly half its length, singing its own eternal melody to the mountains, just as it does to-day. It has not been so very long since the opening of my story, that any great changes have taken place in the noble country through which this crystal river flows, yet what a change has been wrought in the fortunes of some who daily look upon its waters!

It was a beautiful evening in the flowering month of May, in the year I have mentioned, that Colonel Turman Dorsey sat in the front portico of his mansion, in full view of the Shenandoah with its sparkling waters, reflecting the pine-clad barriers of the Blue Ridge. The old gentleman had just ridden in from his fields, and was now seated in an easy chair, enjoying the evening calm with his corn-pipe. His daughter Florence Dorsey, a young girl of sixteen summers, sat near him upon a low embroidered seat, engaged with some worsted work.

They had sat thus for perhaps half an hour, each seeming unconscious of the other's presence, (so absorbing is the working of the human mind when engaged upon some distant object of interest,) when Florence raised her head and seemed to listen. It would be a gross omission, did I fail to give something like an outline of that face, however feeble may be my power to do it justice. The complexion was faultlessly fair, with the rosy blush of health upon the cheeks; the eyes were of the most exquisitely delicate tint of blue, while the almost golden hair fell in profuse ringlets about a well moulded neck and shoulders. There was something like thoughtfulness—not reaching melancholy,—visible in her expressive eye, as she listened intently to sounds which gradually became more distinct, in the direction of the road which approached the home, through the grove.

"Some one is coming Papa; I hear the sounds of a horse's feet."

The Colonel turned and observed that Harry's eyes were moist.

"Why daughter you seem moved; it cannot be because some one is coming to visit us, a very ordinary circumstance; your thoughts have conjured up some fancied grief!"

"It is not fancied grief, dear Papa; I was thinking of, of Harry; his conduct

seems to have filled you with sorrow, and I almost hoped it was his horse's feet which made the noise I heard; but it is only Jack from the Post Office."

"Of Harry Oakford! that is a coincidence; I have been thinking of him myself for half an hour; but you must not let your thoughts run wild my dear; Harry is my ward, and I am naturally worried and disappointed with the tenor of his letters; the last of which by the way came almost three months ago. He spoke something of coming home then; let's see, his letter was from London, and I sent him a check to that city. He ought to have returned with that money."

"He has been absent two years to-day, and to-day he reaches his majority," said Flory resuming her work.

"Aha! So he does—I had overlooked the fact!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Here are two letters, one to Father, and one to you Sister Flory, besides the papers," said Mr. Jack Dorsey, entering the portico, and emptying his pocket.

Jack Dorsey, was a tall dark haired boy of eighteen, and was the only son, as Flory was the only daughter of Colonel Turman Dorsey. His mother had been ten years dead, and these three with a housekeeper, constituted the whole family. But let us look to our letters, for we claim the privilege of reading them, as we do of knowing the inmost thoughts of friends, their owners.

The Colonel reads his upon the portico without leaving his seat, while Flory has retreated to her chamber to peruse hers in solitude.

By a coincidence both are from Harry Oakford, and both are eagerly read by their recipients, for Col. Dorsey really loved Harry, and was sorely grieved on his account, and Flory was his betrothed.

These letters are necessary to prepare the way for what comes hereafter, and I copy them verbatim from the originals, which lie before me.

That to the Colonel was as follows:—

London, April 18—

My dear Guardian,

I have no heart to write to you, when I think of the last two years of my life, and especially of the last six months. In my last letter to you, written longer ago than I am willing to acknowledge to myself, I spoke of returning to Virginia, that blessed land of my birth, and asked a check to bear my expenses. I received yours for \$2000, but alas! before it reached me three times the amount would have been hardly sufficient. Do not wonder, my dear old friend, for I am resolved to acknowledge all, and with a full knowledge that you will despise my name. God knows the bitterness I feel at giving Flory up, but I am lost. To state facts, and they are dreadful facts, I am a penniless wanderer with no profession or means of support. I estimate my estate in your hands at 75,000 dollars, and my debts here in London (and thank God I have none elsewhere), amount to £13000. I do not hesitate to say, that these are gambling debts chiefly. I owe the young earl of C—, alone £8000.

I must bring this painful letter to a close. In a month, I will be twenty-one years of age. I desire that you will dispose of my estate to the best advantage, and place the proceeds to my credit in New York. In the mean time I remain here, but I have taken a solemn oath, never to touch liquor or cards again, and so will not incur obligations which it is beyond my power to pay.

When I have paid my debts I do not know where I will go. I cannot return to Virginia, to have the fingers of my old friends pointed at me, as a fool. God forgive me, and save me from ruin. I have lost a noble wife, a fine estate, and alas! an unsponsored character, and all by my own accused folly.

With great respect and love,

I am yours,

HARRY OAKFORD.

To this sad letter there was a post-scriptum, dated some three or four days later which ran as follows:—

"I have changed my mind; God has strengthened my purpose. I shall go to Edinburgh to-morrow, and remain until I am prepared to settle all my accounts, and when that is done, I shall return to Virginia. Scorn is what I deserve, and it must be my punishment. I shall try to look you in the face with an unflinching eye, supported by the consciousness of a good purpose for the future."

It is impossible to describe with any success, the effect of this letter upon Colonel Dorsey, he dropped his pipe upon the floor, crumpled the letter in his left hand which lay upon the arm of his chair, and rested his brow upon the palm of his right hand, the chair arm sustaining his elbow. His first sensations were possibly of anger, but when he rose and paced up and down the portico, his features wore the expression of sorrow, and in fifteen minutes he retired with a sigh, into his private apartment, leaving Jack reading the Enquirer in profound ignorance of anything unusual in his father's manner.

Flory we have said, betook herself to her chamber, where sitting by an open window, with the sunset playing upon her

lovely face, and the evening breezes sporting with her curls, she broke the great seal, with an expression of unalloyed pleasure. How soon was her joy to become sorrow, her smiles, tears! She read this letter which was dated as the other; I give it below:

"As I take up my pen, my own darling Flory, I almost fail in my purpose. My hand is so tremulous I can scarcely write legibly. I wish to say, and I say it with a broken heart, that I am wholly unfit to become the husband of a girl, whose peer does not exist in America or Europe, and that I cannot bind you by any engagement made before my departure from Virginia. Then I was a gentleman of proper impulses, a man of firm character, and the possessor of an ample fortune. Now all is gone save my integrity, which please God, I shall maintain if required, by my life's blood. Your father knows all, and would spurn me from his door, if I were to approach you. I have no aim in life now, since the demon has robbed me of all the happiness I hoped for, which was to be loved by you as your husband. I have sworn most solemnly, an eternal enmity to that demon; I shall never again taste an intoxicating draft, and never again shall a seat at a card table, be filled by me.

This I swear so help me Heaven. I pray also Flory, that I may not be lost wholly, but God knows what will become of me.

With you I lose my promised heaven upon earth, and shall lead an existence without aim save one, and that, to keep religiously my solemn vow.

If you care enough for me, to pen me a line, I would be made happy by it.

Ever your own loving

HARRY OAKFORD.

This letter, like the Colonel's, had a short P. S., which gave the same announcement of his intention to return, and his hopes of seeing her again. Flory read the body of it with tears flowing fast, there in her favorite apartment, but the few lines added at the bottom gave her new hope, and she came to the tea-table, with dry, but red eyes. The Colonel was sadly silent, and few words were spoken that night.

The reader has gathered now, the past history of Harry Oakford.

He was the son, and only child of an old friend and neighbor of Colonel Dorsey, who dying about the same time that Mrs. Dorsey closed her career on earth, had left his whole property, personal and real estate to Harry, with Colonel Dorsey, for his guardian. Harry had lived some years at Roy's Park, the residence of the Colonel, while his own huge old establishment at Mount Prospect, had been closed, and surrendered to the rats.

At sixteen he had entered College and at eighteen and a half he graduated with the usual flourish of music and parchments and returned to Roy's Park. At College he had contracted a love for gaming, which never goes unattended by the kindred vice of drinking, and he soon wearied of the comparatively quiet country residence. The Colonel pleased with his success at College, and knowing nothing of the extent of his vicious practices, was but too easily persuaded of the advantages of a trip to Europe, and accordingly in May, two years before the time my story opens, he had departed for Liverpool, having first courted and won the love of Florence Dorsey. His course in Europe is sufficiently indicated by his letters; it had begun so, and had gradually increased until he gambled by the thousand pounds at one stake. He continued until he was satisfied his estate would pay no more debts, and then the lingering principle of honor prompted him to stop, and he did stop in the manner shown before, believing himself to be a ruined man.

I must trouble my readers with one more extract from the file of letters before me. By the next steamer from New York, Colonel Dorsey wrote to Harry Oakford, and after many pages of solemn injunction to keep his vow, he proceeded to the business portion of his letter, which I copy—as follows:

"As your request concerning the disposal of your real estate and negroes was made while you were still in your minority, I must assume the responsibility of disregarding it. I depend upon the strength of your resolution when I tell you that you have considerably underrated the value of your property. You have twelve hundred acres of excellent land with a noble mansion upon it. This of itself is worth \$60,000. Your personal property will increase this sum to \$100,000, exclusive of \$10,000 with which I have purchased western real estate, the value of which is impossible to estimate. The whole will perhaps amount to \$125,000. Your debts you say will reach about \$45,000; so that after they are paid you will still be worth \$80,000.

With ordinary management, you can retain your estate of Mount Prospect, and gradually liquidate all claims against it. These gambling debts are not legal, but I know they must be paid, and all I desire is that you will take your own time to pay them, and not sacrifice your property.

Give an informal acknowledgment, then, of your indebtedness to Lord C—and the others, and come home. Assume the management of your property, and pay your obligations as you are able. It would wound my feelings to see one of another name the master of Mount Prospect.

I send you a draft upon New York for \$1000, and God grant that you may soon be with us—a new man. I can not believe you mean what you say in your letter to Flory, about my "spurning" you from my door."

To this letter was added, in a delicate female hand;

"I must consider our engagement as dissolved, much as I regret the necessity for such a measure; but come home Harry and you will find us all unchanged."

"P. D."

After this letter had gone, the household at Roy's Park, returned to its ordinary calm, cheerful, peaceful, state, and summer came on apace. I think there was a little increase of cheerfulness, for all desired the return of Harry, and now it was looked forward to as certain, at no distant period.

One bright morning, before May had glided into the ripper month of June, a dashing young Cavalier rode up to the door and dropping his rein into the hands of a servant, entered the drawing room and found Flory busy with her morning task of arranging flowers in the Chinese Vases. This it seems was insufficient to amuse her, for she was singing merrily, while she tossed the great pile of flowers over and over to make her selections. She was so much engaged with her work that she did not hear the approach of the equestrian, and Mr. Maurice Howard stood some moments in the door-way, before she was aware of his presence.

"You seem to enjoy your flowers Flory," he said, at length with a low bow.

"Why Maurice! What a complete surprise! How long have you been in the house?"

"But a few moments; I come to request the honor of your company on horse-back this fine morning; will you ride?"

"It is a bright pretty morning, and I think I should enjoy a ride," she answered, and away she glided to make her riding toilet.

The country upon the banks of the Shenandoah, or the "daughter of the stars," is a lovely rolling country generally, but often romantically rugged. Now and then a lofty limestone cliff, frowns upon the placid mirror at its feet, affording from its elevation a fine view of the mountains beyond the stream; or if it rises on the other side, a panorama of the neighboring portions of the great Valley lies spread out at your feet. One of these cliffs raised its beetling brow in the midst of the gentle undulations, which characterized the country around Roy's Park, and it was a favorite spot with all the young people of the country around; an object for their rides.

Maurice Howard and Flory rode silently for some time, taking the road to the Rocky Point, by mere force of habit. Maurice and Flory was upon very intimate terms of friendship, and it was a habit with the former to tell her of every thing that lay nearest his heart. He was also a devoted friend of Harry Oakford's.

He rode with his eyes cast down, as if reflecting upon something he wished to communicate; at length he spoke:—

"I had something to tell you of to day Flory, but I don't think it would interest you very much."

"What seems so absorbing to your own mind," she replied, "ought certainly to excite at least a common interest in me; I will not say more."

"Then I'll out with it; Miss Sally Maxwell has broken our engagement."

"Good gracious Maurice, what for?"

"Why, for my presuming to attend my friend, Miss Florence Dorsey, habitually in her rides," he answered bitterly.

"And did you tell her the circumstances? She is a stranger in the county and knows nothing of our long friendship; did you tell her, Maurice, of my own betrothal?"

"Certainly not; nor shall I, so long as it remains a secret."

"You must tell her; she will be reasonable; she cannot do otherwise than renew the engagement."

"I cannot Flory; I have thought of this thing, and I believe truly and sincerely, that Sally Maxwell has been trifling with me, and that she does not value my love that much,"—and he snapped his finger—"I shall discontinue my visits abruptly without further explanation with her; my discovery has destroyed every spark of love in me, and left only bitterness. I love nothing."

"Is she such a girl as that?"

"I believe it firmly, and I shall therefore continue to ride with Miss Florence Dorsey, as often as that young lady will favor me with her society, Miss Sally's wishes to the contrary notwithstanding!"

"There is no one in the county, I would rather ride with than yourself Maurice!"

said Flory kindly turning her bright face to that of the generous cavalier.

"In the county—No—by the way, they say you have news of our friend Harry—God prosper him—is it so?"

Concluded next week.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

OUT-IN-THE-COUNTRY, July 1, '59.

Did you say, dear Times, that you would be gratified at receiving a little missive from me sometimes? And would you like me to write you from this shady retirement, where the heart grows calm and cheerful in the tranquil purity, loveliness and luxuriance of country life? Ah, sir, I do not wonder that it is becoming rather fashionable for Editors, even, to purchase tidy little villas, away from the fever and fashion of the town, out where the wide woods and fields are green and beautiful and the breezes fresh, fragrant and free. When we, whose lot it is to battle with books and toil with thoughts, have grown weary and worn with our labors, and doffing for the while the restraint and anxiety incident to our callings, have stolen away to the rest and refreshment of the country, we know then what Cooper meant when he sang, "God made the country and man made the town." But I know that one who has so much good nature and appreciation as you, friend Times, will need no more of such tributes to the privilege of a rustic sojourner, and will concur with me that,

"It is sweet from care and toil,
The busy Babel's wild turmoil,
The hollow and obstreperous crowd,
Its loquacious, long and loud,
Its worthless idols, worshipped till
Deposed by idols baser still,—
To steal away and taste the bliss
Of quiet in a nook like this."

I have thought the flowers lovelier here than where there is less of nature and more of art. The abounding verdure, vines, shrubbery, trees, &c., harmonize delightfully with them, and even when comparatively uncultivated they cast upon the appreciating soul a charm that is never borne in the fine gardens of the city. Besides, the mind must be peaceful and contemplative in order to truly love flowers. Such a mood is natural to the stillness of a home among the hills and meadows. When I look upon the flowers that gladden my boyhood's home I regard them as blushing amid their native scenes and kindred objects; but when I see others adorning the artistic parterres of the town, I almost pity them as unwilling exiles—as real captives—and would as soon expect the rich melody of the free songsters of the wildwood from the heart-broken warblers in the cage, as to behold in them that sacred sweetness—that unspeakable beauty which belongs to the fair flower in the fields and around the rustic home. But enough for this time about the flowers.

Walking some days ago along an unfrequented way, with a boon companion, I suddenly startled a dove from a branch that extended over the path. As I drew near I discovered its mate lying lifeless, immediately under the spot whence it had flown. The idea occurred to us instantly—it was keeping vigil over its lost and loved one. A few days after I passed the same place in company with other friends, and we approached cautiously, wishing to know if the faithful little heart was watching and weeping there still. Sure enough—over those yet untroubled remains of its cherished mate, we saw the limb shaking and then were sure that the stories we had heard of the faithful dove were true. It had fled at our approach and we heard it the next moment pouring forth its plaintive coo in the solitary wood. The gentle pensiveness and fidelity of this bird have always inspired me with a peculiar regard for it, and I, though sometimes an enthusiast in sport, have never been able to take its life with pleasure.

Yesterday afternoon, while the hot hours were steaming by, I found myself sitting like a child, listening to the stories of a good old servant as she rehearsed the legends of the war of 1812, and what her old "Master and Missus" had told her of the Revolution. After awhile in speaking of the Indians, she referred to the "Indian Grave Hill," a very large mound, near the line of the W— and O— counties, in which the Indians are said to have been buried in great numbers—and said that she well remembers the sudden appearance of several gentlemen there some years ago, from some distant section,—that they spent some time digging &c., gave evasive answers to all inquiries, and, altogether, impressed the community, with strange ideas about silver and gold, &c. They soon left without giving any clue to their motives or objects.

The old servant's story recalled to my mind, the existence of an Indian mound a short distance from here. It is now, probably, the resting-place of either their dead, or of their implements of war and domestic life. These mounds, in their old haunts and hunting-grounds, have been found to contain much of interest and curiosity. This one is about 25 or 30 feet long, and at the highest point about 8 feet deep. We expect to have it examined and see what is imbedded there. I am easily charmed by such things. I shall not soon forget the down-

right earnestness and concern, with which I lingered about those apartments in the National Museum, which contain the objects from the homes of various distant tribes. I sat and conversed through those curiosities with the Chiefs of the Feeje and Tonga islands, and found more interest there, than in the wealth of wheels, wonder and mystery, in the Patent Department adjoining.

Now, Dear Times, I could say many things more—but I'm aware that Editors don't like long letters, so I will bid you adieu for the present, with the wish that you may have good luck and prosperous Times till you hear again from CURT.

THE TIMES

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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The revolt of the Spala and Yague Indians, was creating great consternation at Sonora.

The Indians had defeated the Government troops in four engagements, and were marching on Guaymas, where the foreign residents were taking refuge on board the vessels.

Such is the announcement brought by the last overland mail from California. And so common has become such announcements, that we of the Atlantic States think there is little news by this mail, unless a similar report is brought by each arrival. What is fun to us, however, is death to the frontier settlers and it is to us unaccountable why a standing army is not kept in use large enough to keep the Indians quiet. The little handful now in the field is just large enough to excite them to action and deeds of despoliation.

GROG STOPPED AT ASHEVILLE.—An election was held in Asheville on the 2d inst., to ascertain the sentiment of the people in regard to licensing drinking houses, with the following result: For license 14; against it 96.

It has for years been our opinion that such would be the result whenever the question was thus put to the test. We venture the assertion that there is not a single town in the State of North Carolina, if the subject of license was thus put to a vote, that would not cast its vote with a similar result.

There is a disposition in us all not to interfere with the privileges and wishes of our neighbors, even in preference, to submit to a wrong; but when the license subject is made a personal matter, submitted to the vote of a single town or community: when the vote will effect only the immediate voters; in that case, we sincerely believe there is not a single town or community that will tolerate it. Politicians are the shapers of public opinion, and were it not that they, as a general rule, loved the traffic, there would be seen immediately a total change in public sentiment. That sentiment even now prevails with the people were they only once allowed to express it, as were the citizens of Asheville.

Striking Coincidence.

On Thursday 25th June, Napoleon made General Neil a Marshal of France, for his valor in the battle of Solferino. On Thursday, one week from that date, and of course before any intelligence could reach the United States, Governor Ellis made a speech at Trinity College, which is thus reported:

He commenced by saying that it was a custom of the First Napoleon, on a battlefield where victory had perched upon his eagles and the field was covered with the wounded and the dead, to confer medals and badges of distinction; and, perhaps, at this very moment, on some Lombard field, reeking with gore and red with the blood of the victims of war, his successor,

Louis Napoleon, is engaged in distributing like marks of distinction on those who have distinguished themselves by the number of men they have slain.

We bring no medals stained in human blood; we bring no badge laden with widowed and orphaned hearts; but we present a badge, a medal of merit of worth, far nobler and much more to be desired. From these walls look down on us the portraits of that mighty trio, who, in the Senate of the United States, won triumphs nobler far than ever decked a warrior's brow—"the triumphs of mind." He then made a brief allusion to the lives of each of these mighty men, and to those of Jackson, Polk and others, being frequently interrupted by applause—spoke of the pleasure he felt in being permitted to appear and throw his influence in behalf of education—congratulated the Graduates on their success; and closed by presenting the medals.

The speech was one of the most happy efforts I have ever had the pleasure to hear.

The Great Balloon Voyage.

As noticed in the Times last week, Prof. Wise, accompanied by Messrs. La Montaine, Gager and Hyde, started from St. Louis, in the mammoth Balloon, Atlantic, Friday evening, the 1st inst. The company left St. Louis 6.40 P. M. and landed next day 2.20 P. M. at Henderson, Jefferson county, New York, having traveled 1150 miles in less than 20 hours. They first intended landing near the city of New York, but finding they had drifted too far North, they concluded to land two of the company and then proceed to Boston. On descending, however, the Balloon came in contact with a severe storm, and was finally driven to pieces. The Utica Herald of July 4th, gives the following particulars:

The balloon travelled over the whole of Lake Erie, from Toledo, across Long Point—passing between Buffalo and Niagara Falls at 12 o'clock, Saturday noon. After it had passed Buffalo and just before reaching Rochester, the balloon encountered a violent hurricane, which swept it from its course and carried the voyagers over Lake Ontario. It was their intention to have followed the Central Railroad as near as possible to Albany, and but for the storm of Saturday they would have been successful. The wind swept the balloon with great velocity over the lake, and before reaching within sight of the eastern shore of Lake Ontario, the aerial ship lost her standing power and rapidly sank down toward the water. The ballast had entirely given out, and the provisions, water supplies, and some of the clothing of the passengers were thrown overboard—still the balloon neared the lake with great velocity, when it was found necessary to take off the propelling machine and pitch it overboard. These efforts were unavailable to give the balloon ascending power, when the oars and seats of the boat were given to the waves. All hands then left the boat and clambered into the ear 16 feet above. In spite of all exertions, the air vessel skimmed to within 30 feet of the water, and actually dashed the boat into the lake. It righted itself, however, and the balloon went on with the speed of two miles per minute. At this point the propeller Young America, of Oswego, was spoken.

Provisionally the balloon reached the shore—having traveled over fifty miles—just above the waves, which were rough and boisterous. But a terrific peril now appeared. The balloon rushed into a thick forest, and tearing down trees and breaking branches, pursued its resistless course for upwards of a mile and a half—dashing the occupants of the ear to and fro against trunks and limbs until at last it caught in a tall sycamore and the silk was rent into ribbons, when the apparatus at once came to a halt, leaving the voyagers suspended thirty feet in the air. Mr. La Montaine was slightly injured by striking against a limb, but all the others reached the ground in safety.

A number of farmers had observed the balloon rushing along over the forest, and of course at its landing a crowd had collected. Refreshments were supplied to the voyagers, and every courtesy and attention promptly paid them. They were afterwards taken to Adams, where they arrived about six o'clock. The excitement in Adams upon learning of the arrival of the distinguished voyagers was intense. At first the people were incredulous—they smelt a meteor—remembered moon stories—did not wish to see the elephant or any such sort of animal—but when Mr. Wise produced veritable St. Louis papers, dated the day before, and other evidences of the voyage, the people believed and the aeronauts were the lions of the town. An impromptu meeting was called at Saunders' Hall. At least eight hundred people were present.

Col. Hungerford presided, by whom the voyagers were introduced to the audience. Prof. Wise and Gager respectively related their experience during the trip.

From them we learn that the night after leaving St. Louis was passed without special incident. The voyagers all slept comfortably. Daylight Saturday morning found them over Fort Wayne, Indiana; passing east they reached Toledo and struck off across Lake Erie. At Toledo the voyagers were within hearing distance of persons on terra firma, who very generously and enthusiastically shouted, "That's a big lake," "that's Lake Erie," "don't go there, you'll get lost," &c. The people appeared to be much excited and alarmed for the safety of the voyagers—apparently ignorant of who they were or of the purpose of their mission. At various points the farmers along their course would catch a glimpse of the balloon, and frequently the voyagers could hear the rural swain call to his spouse to get up and see the wonderful sight in the heavens. They described the effect of the sunrise, when they approached Lake Erie, as grand in the extreme. They could not find words to express the sublimity of the grand panorama surrounding them.

In passing over Lake Erie their route was almost direct to Buffalo from Toledo. Upon the lake steamers and sail-boats were seen and hailed, and responses were made. Crossing the lake their average speed was about seventy-five miles per hour. The balloon passed over Brockport after leaving the lake, and it was also observed at Medina, which was the last seen of it apparently until spoken by the propeller on Lake Ontario in the storm.

The highest point attained during the voyage was a little over two miles. The balloon was charged with 50,000 feet of gas at the starting. The balloon was the one constructed at Lansingburgh, and the voyage was an experiment preparatory to a trip across the Atlantic. The aeronauts are well satisfied with their trip and are confident that aerial navigation for great distances is entirely practical. The trip cost Mr. Gager alone some two thousand dollars.

Mr. Wise has returned to his home in Lancaster, Pa., and has published a detailed account of the trip. All the facts, however, are given above. He concludes his sketch with the remark that he is now willing and anxious to attempt a voyage across the ocean with an outfit that will not cost more than six thousand dollars, and will do so as soon as he can raise the means.

PATRICK SPRINGS:—We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of these springs in this paper. From a knowledge of the character of the proprietor, and also of the springs, health-seekers and pleasure-seekers, will not, perhaps, find a better summer resort. The address is Sparbrook Station, Patrick county, Va.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Despatch.

Great Central Route North.

Lewis Levy, Esq., has handed us the following note from Rev. E. E. Ford, of this city, now on a visit North:

MORRISTOWN, N. J., June 27th, '59.

Lewis Levy, Esq.—Dear Sir:—If one feels disposed to "praise the bridge that carries him safe over"—how much more that which carries him *nicely* and *pleasantly* over. It is upon this principle that I feel constrained to say a word or two to you, as Agent, for what is called "the Upper Railroad Route," via Columbia, Charlotte and Raleigh; for the information of any friends of mine in and about Augusta, who may be coming North. I can freely say that I have never travelled the same distance by Railroad, as pleasantly as I have, within the last few days, by the above named route. I found the Roads and all their appointments in the best condition. Conductors attentive and polite; the fare as good as is generally found, and the connections very easy and convenient; the traveller passing from one train to the other in a very few steps. As regards the region of country traversed, it is more elevated, and I presume, more healthy, than by the lower route: while some parts of it are highly cultivated and picturesque, especially the distance traversed on the second day from Augusta, from about High Point and Greensboro, N. C., which are reached about day-dawn, to Weldon. On the whole, I was greatly pleased with this route. I had heard favorably of it, but I found, upon trial, that the half had not been told me of its attractions. I can decidedly recommend it to my friends, in preference to the other route.

Very Respectfully, Your Friend, EDW. E. FORD.

The Emperor of Austria is one of the best linguists in the empire. It is said that he speaks thirteen languages perfectly, and that he is, in the imperial Council, the only man who understands all the languages of his vast domains.

DIED.

In this place, about half past ten o'clock, Friday, July 8th, 1859, Vicky Melina Stephenson, aged about 6 years, daughter of Samuel Stephenson, of Wilkinson county, Miss.

Set a value on the smallest morsels of knowledge. These fragments are the dust of diamonds.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (or 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	\$ 5.00	\$ 7.00	\$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	34.00	50.00	70.00
Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum.....\$5.00			

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, \$5.00.

PATRICK SPRINGS,

Patrick County, Va.

This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 20th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses, and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY, '59; and while, for want of time, I cannot make the improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property; designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and other appendages for their enjoyment, with one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little forbearance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to my establishment. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS, late of Pittsylvania co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BAR, BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, flatters himself that he can please the public. June 16, '59—jy16-3m. JNO. W. DYER.

Van Amburgh & Co's,

Grand Zoological

AND

Equestrian Company.

Will exhibit at Greensboro, on Saturday, July 23, 1859. Prominent among the many novelties in this Mammoth Establishment are Van Amburgh's TRAINED ANIMALS, Performed by Prof. Langworthy



Also, the Monster Performing Elephant, TIPPO SAIB.

weighing over 9,000 lbs., introduced by the accomplished Frank Nash. A complete CIRCUS TROUPE of



STAR ARTISTES. THREE CLOWNS.

The best Set of Ring Horses in America, TRICK DOGS, RIDING MONKIES, EDUCATED PONIES, AND THE QUADRUPEL WONDERS.

The Acting Mules. The magnificent procession of entirely new Cages, Vans and Baggage Wagons, escorted by NEWBORN'S BRASS BAND;

in their splendid Band Carriage, will enter town at 10 o'clock, A. M. Doors open at 1 & 7 o'clock, P. M.

Admission 50 cents; Children and Servants, 25 cents. C. L. WHEELER, Agent. July 13, 1859. 28-tw.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

10,000 lbs. Beeswax wanted in exchange for Stoves, Tin-ware, or Cash, call and get the highest prices.

C. G. YATE, West-Market, St., Greensboro, N. C. July 8th, 1859. 28-3m.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, July 13th.

Reported expressly for the Times. Bacon 14@15; Beef 4@5; Reeswax 25; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14@15; Candles, Tallow 20 @25; Adamantine 28@33; Spermin 55@60; Corn 6@1.00 Meal 6@1.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12@15; Molasses 25@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75@90, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 21@; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12, loaf 16, crushed 16, clarified 15; Tallow 12@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, July 7th.

Reported expressly for the Times. By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants. Flour, Family \$7.50@8.00; Flaxseed, 1.25; Extra, 0.00@7.00; Beans, 33; Superfine, 6.75; Dried Apples, 1 lb. of Corn, Mixed W. 30.81; 2 lbs. 1.75; Yellow, 83; Peaches, 40 lbs. 3; Wheat, White 160@180; do. 160@180; Red, 140@150; Bacon, W. 30@35; Cotton, 10@11; do. 10@11; Peas, Black 75; 1.25; N. C. & Va. Hog; Red & Black 75; Lard, N. C. & Va. 18; Staves, R. O. 100; do 2 124; W. O. pipe, 60; Fish, Mackerel 1.12.50; do hhd 40; do No 2 1.10.00; do bbl 28; do 3 1.10.00.

REMARKS.—Flour receipt from N. Carolina continues good, the sales are extremely limited. Sales are confined to those for consumption, the stock of old on hand is neglected, persons are looking for the new, and the old sparingly there has been but little done this week in any article to note, nothing done in dried fruit.

RICHMOND MARKET.—July 7th, 1859.

Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders, 9@11; Corn, in demand 1@1.5; Sides, 10@11; Cotton, 12@13; Hams, 12@13; Cotton Yarns, 23@25; Coffee, Rio, 11@12; Flour, 5@6; Java, 11@12; Guano, Peruvian, 18; Mocha, 18; an, 18; Molasses, Cuba, 29@30; Elide, 45; Syrup, 30@33; Tobacco, Lugs, 3@5; N. O., 40@45; Good, 50; Wheat, White, 170@185; Leaf, 70; Red, 1.50@1.60; Good 2nd flue, 1@1.5.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,

at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-4t.

CALEB G. DUNN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR

at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly.

J. W. EVANS,

NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 11-ly.

JOHN W. PAYNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 53-ly.

GEORGE T. WHITE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI

Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

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PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE

Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendence for Churches, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

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R. S. TUCKER, do Raleigh

W. M. BOYLAN, do do

W. C. HARRISON, do do

W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15-51

JAMES S. PATTERSON,

PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street,

opposite city hall, New York.

Country orders carefully attended to. Feb. 1859. 6-ly

LIQUORS!—WHISKIES, Brandies,

Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer,

and Cider—Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by

W. S. CLARK, Greensboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

20,000 PRINTING CARDS,

With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

FOREIGN NEWS.

War in Europe.

The great battle of the 24th June, it appears by the late foreign news, was not fought on the Mincio, but on the Chiese, at the village of Solferino, about eighteen miles northwest of Mantua, where the Austrians in 1796 were defeated by the French previous to the siege of Mantua. The battle of the 24th appears to have been the severest contest of the campaign, and was accompanied by the greatest loss of life. The Austrians recrossed the Mincio, to the east of which they had previously withdrawn, in full force, and attacked the French, but, after eighteen hours fighting and the loss of thirty thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, were compelled to abandon their positions. The French are said to have lost from twelve to fifteen thousand. Accounts say that their loss was so severe that they were unable to advance against the Austrians, who have retired to the Historic Square, where another great battle is impending, in which the human slaughter will probably be more terrible. Baron Hess, the best of the Austrian Generals, is now in command, and within the fortified places so often alluded to, will be the next campaign.

A dispatch dated 25th June, from Napoleon to the Empress Eugenie, says: "The enemy having withdrawn, last night I slept in the room occupied in the morning by the Emperor of Austria, and have appointed General Neill, Marshal of France. The Austrians crossed the Mincio, for the purpose of attacking us with their whole force, but were obliged to abandon their positions, and withdrew to the left bank of the river, after blowing up the bridge at Gorta. We took thirty cannons, and 7,000 prisoners."

The Sardinian army inflicted great loss on the enemy, after having contended with great fury against superior forces. Private dispatches say the Austrians had 35,000 placed hors de combat, lost 16 flags and 75 cannons.

The following is the order of the day, published by the Emperor Napoleon, after the battle of Solferino:

"CAVRIANA, June 25.—Soldiers: The enemy, who believed themselves able to repulse us from the Chiese, have recrossed the Mincio. You have worthily defended the honor of France. Solferino surpassed the recollection of Leno and Castiglione. In twelve hours you have repulsed the efforts of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Your enthusiasm did not rest there; the numerous artillery of the enemy occupied formidable positions for over three leagues, which you carried. Your country thanks you for your courage and perseverance, and laments the fallen."

We have taken three flags, thirty cannon, and 6,000 prisoners. The Sardinian army fought with the same valor against superior forces, and worthy is that army to march beside you. Blood has not been shed in vain for the glory of France and the happiness of the people."

The following is the Austrian official of the battle:

VERONA, June 25th.—The day before yesterday our right wing occupied Pozzolengo, Solferino and Cavriana, and the left wing pressed forward as far as Guidizzolo and Cas Ciofredo, but were driven back by the enemy. A collision took place between the two entire armies at 10 A. M. yesterday. Our left, under Gen. Wimpfen, advanced as far as Chiese. In the afternoon there was a concentrated assault on the heroically defended town of Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the Piedmontese, but, on the other hand, the order of our centre could not be restored, and our losses are extraordinarily heavy. The development of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening.

The London Times says that the Austrians have most candidly admitted their defeat, and that history scarcely records a bulletin in which such a disaster is more explicitly avowed.

WHAT WAS IT?—Yesterday afternoon, at about 7 o'clock, we and a number of others were startled for a moment at what we consider rather an unusual sight in the day time. The object we speak of appeared to be a ball of fire, and it shot swiftly across the sky, apparently very near the earth. It looked to us to be not over a hundred yards above *terra firma*. It rose, or rather became visible, in a northerly direction and traveled in one directly opposite. As it swiftly coursed along, it left a short train in the rear, very similar to a sky-rocket, though of a perfectly white color. We suppose it must have been some meteoric mass on a fourth of July spree. It fell, or rather went out, on the other side of the Diam-Tree, a mile below town.—*Wilmington Herald*.

The cast-off gauze dresses of Parisian belles are purchased for a mere song and sent to the West India Islands, where they perform a second duty in decorating the sable daughters of the tropics.

BOSTON, July 5th.

DEATH OF MRS. EDWARD EVERETT. The wife of the Hon. Edward Everett died on Saturday night last. She had for a long time been confined by illness. She was the daughter of the late Peter C. Brooks, of Boston, the richest man in New England. Two sisters survive her—the wives of Rev. Dr. Frothingham, of Boston, now in Europe, and of Charles Francis Adams, the son of John Quincy Adams, and representative to Congress from Massachusetts.

DEATH OF THE HON. WM. O. GOODE. Hon. Wm. O. Goode, the representative elect of this Congressional district, died at his residence in Mecklenburg county, of consumption, on Sunday morning, the 3rd ult. He was elected for four terms to his seat in the House of Representatives, and had just been re-elected by a large majority.—*Pet. Express*.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.—The following lines, which contain as much truth as poetry, are from the Chinese:

Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull.

Where jails are empty, and where bruns are full.

Where church-paths are with frequent feet worn.

Law courts yards weedy, silent and forlorn.

Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride; Where these signs are, they clearly indicate A happy people and well-governed state.

Rev. Alexander Gregg, of S. Carolina, has accepted the Bishopric of Texas.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA—FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, Assistant in Literary Department.

Miss Bettie Carter, Assistant in Music.

Miss E. E. Morris, Assistant in Music.

Miss A. M. Hagen, Assistant in Music.

Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Assistant in Music.

Miss M. A. Howlett, Assistant in Music.

Miss Pattie Cole, Assistant in Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, Assistant in Music.

Mrs. J. Bethel, Assistant in Music.

Miss M. Jefferys, Assistant in Music.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished room, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue, merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President.

(11-ly)

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance County, N. C.

Dr. E. F. Watson, Proprietor.

Miss C. KUMMEL, Teacher of Music, French and German Languages.

Miss C. M. SHELLEY, Teacher of Mathematics and Higher English Branches.

Miss N. V. M. Watson, Assistant.

The 11th session will commence on the 2nd Thursday in July next. The School is entirely under the supervision of the Proprietor, and he is determined to give Young Ladies, who may patronize it, every advantage for obtaining a good education, while they enjoy the comforts of a home in his own family. The experience of the Teachers engaged is a sufficient guarantee for the faithful discharge of their respective duties, in the various departments under their charge.

Terms per Session of Five Months.

Board, ... \$30.00

Elementary English, ... 6.00

Higher English, ... 10.00

French and German, each, ... 5.00

Music on the Piano and Melodeon, each, ... 10.00

Oil and Grecian Painting, each, ... 5.00

Drawing and Painting in water colors, each, ... 5.00

Wax Flowers and Leather work, each, ... 5.00

Post Office, Watsonville, Alamance Co., N. C. June 17th, 1859. 26-4w

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL.

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution. Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution, and his family will be in the branches taught Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Fianco &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches \$40 to \$55 per session. Latin and Greek each \$7.50. French \$5. Ornaments very low. Board and half the tuition required in advance.

20 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.

Wanted Situations for Southern Female Teachers. For full information address.

REV. W. I. LANGDON, Proprietor.

June 27th 1859.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DEUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4-15]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.
Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110-ly

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.
His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-ly.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107th Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.

R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 89-ly.

LOOK AT THIS!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of Spring and Summer Goods.

Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Children's fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffee, Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

FOR SALE BY FISHER & FOARD,
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
NEWBERN, N. C.

9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,

25 bbls N. Y. Mess Pork,

10 tons Peruvian Guano,

5 do Phosphate Peruvian Guano,

5 do California Guano,

100 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,

100 do Hyd. Cement,

500 Sacks G. A. Salt,

300 bbls Alexandria Lime,

2000 Flour Bags,

75 bbls N. O. and Muscov. Molasses,

20 bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime,

68 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugars,

65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguira Coffee,

25 bbls Ocean Mess Shad,

20 do do Blue Fish,

40 do N. C. Gross and Roe Herring,

No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls,

4 bbls 1 bbls and 1 bbls,

Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at Bakers' cash prices.

2m

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—

Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. Patrick, wholesale and retail druggists,

prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!

INTEND KEEPING INDIA-REBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2 inch 3 ply 12 1/2 cts. per foot.

2 1/2 " " 15 " " "

3 " " 17 " " "

4 " " 22 " " "

5 " " 27 " " "

6 " " 32 " " "

7 " " 38 " " "

8 " " 42 " " "

10 " " 60 " " "

12 " " 72 " " "

J. B. F. BOONE.

JOE WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education—

TERMS (Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum.

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....\$2.00

Journal and Times.....\$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page; And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

All communications should be addressed to J. D. CAMPBELL, Resident Editor, Greensboro, N. C.

50-00 SEWING MACHINES.—

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsyth, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING has been received by the undersigned.

Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmanteaus, Trunks, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gent's full furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

SPRING DIVIDEND FOR GUILFORD CO.

Dis. Amt. Dis. Amt. Dis. Amt. Dis. Amt.

1 \$24 75 21 \$24 75 41 \$16 83 61 \$16 83

2 23 10 22 12 42 39 69 62 26 73

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17 18 15 37 35 64 57 37 29 77 17 16

18 21 59 38 56 76 58 22 77 78 37 29

19 14 22 39 15 84 59 32 67 79 12 87

20 14 19 40 20 79 60 21 78

NATHAN HIATT, Chairman.

June 24, 1859—jyo-4w.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-hand—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a second profit, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.

Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell lower than any one who does a credit business.

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.

May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, Agent.

GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$20. One dollar for Contingences is required of each Student in advance.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Dear Children.—As I was enjoying a delightful stroll to day, through the streets of a pleasant town, I saw a poor man who seemed to be in a sad plight. He was bare headed and without shoes and his garments were very ragged. Following him was a troupe of little boys, shouting as though they were enjoying some fine innocent sport.

Now when I tell you the poor man was crazy, and those boys were tormenting him by whooping in his ears and throwing sticks and other things on his bare head, and all because he was a poor crazy creature, I have no doubt many of you will exclaim—"oh! that was too bad, 'twas wicked!" Yes, so it was wicked, for those boys were breaking the "Golden Rule," and when we violate that, we are sinning against God and our own souls.

Perhaps those boys were thoughtless boys, but then children should learn to think and think right. If they think wrong, they will be apt to act wrong as you will see by reading the following story about

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

"Come, go with me to Walnut Grove," said Egbert Holly to Luther Hill.

"When are you going?" said Luther.

"Now, right away; will you go?" "I can't, unless you will wait for me while I go home and ask father's permission."

"Ask father's permission!" replied Egbert, in a tone of contempt; "I should be sorry if I had to ask my father for permission every time I breathed."

"I don't have to ask him for liberty to breathe any more than you do. I have to ask him when I want to go away anywhere, and so do you—that is, you have to ask your father."

"That may be so," said Egbert, not quite daring to deny the truth of Luther's assertion.

"Will you wait for me?"

"Yes, if you will be quick."

Luther started on a run, to go and get permission to go to Walnut Grove. He was an obedient and good boy, and it is rather strange that he was anxious to go with Egbert after what had passed. But the grove was pleasant, and society was pleasant, even if it were not so good as it ought to be. Luther received the desired permission, and the boys were soon on the way to the grove. Luther was in haste to get there, but Egbert lingered by the way, looking out, as he said, for fun.

"Let us turn this cow into the clover field," said he.

"What for?" said Luther.

"O for fun, and to hear old Osborn swear when he finds her there."

"I don't see what fun there can be in pure wickedness?" said Luther.

"You don't know much," said Egbert.

He was in a fair way to know more if he continued to associate with Egbert.

They turned out of the high way, and went across a meadow. A wagon loaded with hay stood there. The workmen were not in sight.

"What are you doing to that wheel?" said Luther, as Egbert stopped, and began to work at one of the hinder wheels.

"I am taking the linchpin out."

"What for?"

"So that the wheel will run off, and let them down when they don't know it."

"O don't now, it isn't right."

"You be still."

"You may hurt somebody."

"I'll risk it."

"I'll put it in again, if you take it out."

"I guess you won't," said Egbert,

taking it out, and throwing it as far as he could into the grass.

"I shall tell Mr. Henry that the linchpin is out."

"If you tell him I took it out, you won't live long."

"I shall tell him it is out, and if he asks me who took it out, I shall tell him. I shan't conceal such wickedness."

"I'll see if you do," said Egbert, seizing him by the collar, and beginning to shake him.

At this moment a man slid off from the load of hay, and alighted on his feet by their side.

"Let go," said he to Egbert, "I'll do the shaking," and he shook him till his face looked very red, and he roared for mercy.

"You had better go home," said he to Luther. "You are a good boy.—Don't be found in company with this villain again. It will be some time before he sees home. He has to find that linchpin before he goes."

Luther left the meadow, but when he reached the road he stopped to see what would become of his late companion.

The man was lying on the load of hay when the boys came up, and heard all that was said. He now took the long horn which lay on the hay, and told Egbert to find the linchpin, and put it in its place. Egbert went in the direction in which he threw it, and looked for it, moving farther and farther away from the man and the whip. At length he started and ran, thinking to make his escape.

"That's the game, is it?" said he. "I'll soon overhaul you."

So he ran after Egbert and soon came near him, and laid the horse whip around his legs with great vigor. This soon turned his running to dancing.

"Back with you, my lad, and find the pin. You don't go home till you do."

Egbert renewed his search. The man went to mowing in the vicinity, keeping his eye upon him, in case he should attempt again to escape. Just before sunset he found it.

"I've found it," said he. "Put it in its place," said the man coming up to him. When it was put in, he said to him, "Now cut for home." Egbert started upon a run, and the man after him, with the whip in his hand. Once in every rod he would wind the whip-lash round his legs, till he got fairly out of the field. He then left him to go home, with sore legs and red eyes, and give to his parents such an account of the matter as he saw fit.

Now, children, you can see that Egbert thought wrong and acted wrong. If you will wait patiently until next week I will tell you about a dear child who thought right and acted kindly.

The Last Sorrow.

BY J. A. CLAYTON.

Mother, I thank thee for those words of cheer; Oh! repeat them once again, 'Twill soothe my weary senses, dear, And still my throbbing brain.

Pray say again that he will come, That I shall grasp his hand once more, That his warm lips will press my own, As fondly as in days of yore.

Mother, look from the casement now, Out into the blinding storm, In the dim distance cannot thou Desery my own lov'd husband's form?

Hark! I hear the welcome sound Of carriage wheels, oh, mother, go, And greet the loved one of my soul— For he is coming now, I know!

The carriage stops, I'm sure it's he— My husband, hasten to my side, Look upon thy dying love once more— Two years ago thy blooming bride.

'Tis not your husband, dearest child, Who now doth stand without the door, It is the same old postman, love, Who has so oft been here before."

"A letter marm," the postman cried, And forth he held it to her view, The autograph was new to her, The seal was of a sable hue.

The mother broke the ominous seal, And ere she was aware she read The fatal news unto her child— 'Twas that the one so loved was dead.

Then 'twas the dying struggle came— The weary soul went home to meet The loved one, who for long, long months On earth she had so longed to greet.

WHAT IS A LEGAL TENDER?—The following are the provisions of the United States law prescribing "a legal tender": Gold coins and silver dollars for all sums; half dollars and smaller silver coins for sums not over \$5; and three-cent pieces for sums not over 30 cents. No provision is made for cents.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and old corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Utilizing Small Things.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American Gazette alludes to the saving of what is called "waste" at the Altoona machine-shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad as follows:—"Waste is cotton shreds and rags used for cleaning locomotives and other machinery. It soon becomes saturated with oil and dirt, and in that condition is useless. This article, seeming like a small item, adds, nevertheless, some eight thousand dollars to the expense of the road. Some ingenious Yankee proposed washing this waste by steam, using soda or some other cleansing compound, afterwards drying it in a centrifugal drying machine. It was tried and proved that, by renewing, this item of expense can be reduced at least one-half. The degree of attention paid to these minutiae in detail, will, at any time, upon so extensive an undertaking, make the difference between a dividend or non-dividend-paying road."

It is surprising to what an extent seemingly useless articles are utilized in the manufacturing arts. We will present a few examples to illustrate this point:

The prussiate of potash is made in large quantities at Cincinnati, from hoofs, horns and other refuse of slaughtered grunners.

Cow hair taken from the hides in tanneries is employed for making plastering mortar to give it a sort of fibrous quality.

Saw-dust is daily sold in our street for sprinkling the floors of markets; it is also used for packing ice for shipment.

The rags of worn-out shirting, calico dresses, and the waste of cotton factories are employed to make the paper upon which these lines are printed.

Old ropes are converted into fine note paper, and the waste paper itself which is picked up in the gutters of our streets is again re-converted into broad, white sheets and thus does duty in revolving stages.

The parings of skins and hides and the ears of cows, calves and sheeps are carefully collected and converted into Peter Cooper's famous glue made out at "Old Beeswick."

The finer qualities of gelatine are made from ivory raspings—the bones and tendons of animals.

Bones converted into charcoal by roasting in retorts are afterwards employed for purifying the white sugar with which we sweeten our coffee, &c.

The ammonia obtained from the distillation of coal, in making gas, is employed for saturating orchil and cudbear in making the beautiful lilac colors that are dyed on silk and fine woolen goods.

Carbolic acid obtained in the distillation of coal-tar is employed, with other acids, to produce beautiful yellow colors on silk and wool.

The shavings of cedar wood used in making pencils are distilled to obtain the otto of cedar wood.

Brass filings and old brass kettles are re-melted and employed to make the brass work of printing-presses and pumps.

Old copper scraps are used in the construction of splendid bronze chandeliers for illuminating our churches and the mansions of the wealthy.

Old horse-shoe nails are employed to make the famous steel and twist barrels of fowling-pieces.

Coal tar is burned and made into lamp-black, used for printers' ink, common black paint and blacking for shoes, &c.

Oyster shells are burned in kilns and afterwards used in making cements, their base being pure lime.

HOME-MADE FURNITURE.—"The simplest and cheapest kind of furniture," says the late A. J. Downing, "by which an air of taste may be given to a cottage, consists of a plain box or bench, made of boards by the hands of the master of the dwelling, stuffed with hay, corn-husks, moss, or hair, held in place by a covering of coarse canvas, and covered with chintz by the mistress of the cottage. Seats of all kinds are made at a very trifling cost in this way, so that, with a little ingenuity, a room may, by the aid of a few boards nailed together, a little stuffing and canvas, and a few yards of shilling chintz, be made to produce nearly the same effect as one where the furniture is worth ten times as much. The next step is to add square pillows or cushions to all the benches, seats, or couches, in order that any person sitting upon them may have a support for his back without touching the wall. Another of the cheapest and simplest seats for a cottage is the barrel-chair. These chairs are easily made by sawing off a portion of the barrel, nailing on a few boards to form the seat, and leaving a part of the staves a little higher than the others, to form the back or arms. To make the high-backed chair, the staves must be pieced out a little, the outside or rim of the back being confined in its place by a piece of hoop, neatly applied. The seat and back are stuffed with any cheap material, covered with chintz."

Salad for the Solitary.

Willow-wood, Judgement timber: the one gives the greatest amount, the other yields the durablest floor; and both meeting make the best floor.

Solution to Question of last week.—A field forty miles square contains 1,600 sq. m.=1,024,000 acres. Now the distance around the field (40x4)=160 miles=51200 rods. Multiply the number of rods around the field by twenty the number of rods to each rod thus 51200x20=1,024,000 rods which is precisely the number of acres enclosed.

Ans. to Rebus of last week.—Butter-wink.

AFRAID TO POP THE QUESTION.—A young lady said to her beau after fifteen years courtship—

"Charles, I am going out of town to-morrow."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"When are you coming back?"

"Never."

"What are you going for?"

"I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without less to yourself."

"You are very welcome to it, I am sure; but what is it?"

"A Husband!"

"Why you might have had that fifteen years ago if you had only said the word, but I was afraid to ask you the question."

We have heard of a farmer, whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin, in a popular academy. The farmer not being perfectly satisfied with the course and the conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day, thus addressed him: "Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus et manuribus," said Joseph. "Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into the cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus." Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

The meanest man in the world lives in this city. He buttons his shirt with wafers, and looks at his money through a magnifying glass, because it makes half a dime look like a quarter.—E.

Why is a man eating soup with a fork like another kissing his sweetheart? Do you give it up? Because it takes so long to get enough of it!

"Come here; you mischievous fellow? Won't you whip me, father?" "No."

"Will you swear you won't?" "Yes."

"Then I won't come, father; for Parson Atwood says 'He that will swear will lie.'"

"I love to look upon a young man.—There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me." The daughter of the clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added:—"Them's my sentiments, exactly, papa,—all but the pains."

—A YOUNG MAN commenced visiting a young lady, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been so late.

"I had to work to night."

"What! do you work for a living?"

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young mechanic visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man and has one of the best of women for a wife.

The young lady who disliked the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grog shops, and the soft, verdant, silly, miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

A learned young lady, the other evening, astonished the company by asking for the 'loan of a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations.' She wanted a thimble.

"Who made you?" inquired a lady teacher to a lubberly boy who had lately joined her class:

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't know! You ought to be ashamed of yourself—a boy fourteen years old. There is little Dick Fulton; he is only three, and he can tell I dare say. Come here Dick; who made you?"

"Dod," lisped the infant prodigy.

"I know he would remember."

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy, "it ain't been but a little while ago since he was made."

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C. With WM. GRAYDON & CO. Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street. **NEW-YORK**, Nov., '88. *Geo. H. Soley, Wm. A. Scott, 2-ly.*

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EPFLAND & KIRKPATRICK, Having opened a **GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE**, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.

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